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PRUSSIA AND THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

THE King of PRUSSIA, under the auspices of M. BISMARK, has committed, in the speech with which the Session of the Chambers has been opened, a wilful mistake. He has been needlessly rude to the Emperor of the French. So at least the politicians of Paris agree in thinking, and the studied absence of all reference to the disinterested virtues of Napoleon III. has not diminished the jealousy with which the French were watching the aggrandizement of Prussia. M. BISMARK probably was of opinion that it was waste of time and energy to batter with faint praise a monarch whose influence, if used at all, would certainly be used to limit, and not to assist, the plans that Prussia is forming for a union of Germany under herself; and if he could afford to administer a polite under herself; and if he could afford to administer a polite snubbing to the French Government, there is no question that the Germans would enjoy the sight. As far as appearances go, Prussia certainly seems mistress of the position; and M. BISMARK perhaps believed that what all Paris was saying was true, and that, like CAVOUR in 1860, he had positively overreached the great tactician of the Tuileries. A little impertinence and vanity in such a case is pardonable, but any appearance of slight offered unnecessarily to the French, at this particular moment, must have rendered it still more difficult for NAPOLEON III. to swallow his leek with good humour. Indeed, the prospects of a his leek with good humour. Indeed, the prospects of a permanent European peace have been suddenly overcast by a thunder-cloud that seems charged with more deadly elements than those which have recently broken. announces that the French EMPEROR deems "it necessary that "the French frontier should be rectified by a cession of "territory to France," and that such rectification is to take the form of "the restoration of the French frontier as it ex-"isted in 1814." Translated out of the jargon of diplomacy, this means the confiscation of portions of Germany and of Belgium. This is repeating the Savoy and Nice game on even less justifiable grounds; for, at any rate, French blood was spilled for Italy. But in the war between Austria and Prussia France expended only talk and interference. To be paid for such assistance by a surrender of German terribe paid for such assistance by a surrender of German territory, and by a robbery of Belgium which has been a mere bystander, is a wrong the very suggestion of which may produce the most momentous results. Omens of what was coming have not been wanting. The Moniteur had already revenged itself in a comical way by printing the Prussian Kirké's address in small and obscure type, and thus intimating that it was not of much consequence whether M. BISMARK'S Royal Master was countrely an experience. If the French Royal Master was courteous or uncourteous. If the French EMPEROR really meditates demanding to be allowed a voice in the resettlement of Europe, he will be backed all the more vigorously by hotheaded people among his own subjects because of these little symptoms of Prussian arrogance. The state of feeling in France is growing more and more excited, and may become serious. The Ides of March for Prussia are come, but not absolutely gone, so long as Russia and France have not pronounced any opinion on the subject of the proposed territorial changes; and if Russia and France were to combine—the one to demand Posen, the other to ask for the entire frontier of the Rhine-M. BISMARK might yet have

reason to regret that he has assumed towards Napoleon III. the tone of a defiant European equal.

The union of the North of Germany under the supremacy of Prussia is, on the other hand, an accomplished fact, against which the French Emperor is too sagacious a statesman to struggle. He would, like all Frenchmen, have preferred a less one-sided solution of the German problem, just as he would have chosen in 1859 an Italian Confederation rather than an Italian Kingdom. But when events are too strong for the Emperor Napoleon, he invariably shows his sense and his genius by giving way. He gave way about

Italy, he has given way about Mexico, and he will give way doubtless about Prussia. It is written in the book of destiny that Prussia must increase, and that Austria and the Catholic part of Germany must decrease; and Napoleon III. will doubtless make the best of it. He is not likely to fall into the old political blunder of Austria, and to weaken his influence in Europe by espousing the cause of a few worthless and dethroned petty princes. Hanover and Cassel and Nassau have made their bed, and must lie on it; and Bavaria and Wurtemburg will have to pay a territorial contribution to the country that has defeated them. Prussia wants no more, and she is scarcely likely to take less. The mere dismemberment of Hanover would do her no good. It would only make the Hanoverians who were left outside the Prussian frontier her bitter enemies, just as the Saxons have always resented the partition of Saxony far more than they would have resented its incorporation as a whole. And, if the military and diplomatic government of the North is to be conducted from Berlin, it is comparatively unimportant what is done with the little Courtcircles of Hanover and similar States, nor can their fate in any way affect the balance of power in Europe. This the EMPEROR knows, and it is less worth his while to object to the enlarging of Prussia than freely to acquiesce in it, in the hope, when all is done, that he may be permitted to drink the King of Prussia's health in the waters of the Rhine.

Very little, as far as Austria and Prussia are concerned, remains to be performed by those who are entrusted with the task of drawing up articles of peace. Almost every debateable point has been disposed of during the discussion of the preliminaries, and the moment that Austria consented to withdraw from the Confederation sho that Austria consented to withdraw from the Confederation she virtually waived all claim to check or modify the action of Prussia on the north side of the Main. If Viennese politicians have leisure or inclination to drop a tear over the misfortunes of any country except their own, they ought to feel remorse at the necessary abandonment of Saxony. To the last the Saxons have been an arranged sinking ship. The other German friends of Austria in the Bund have been vacillating, weak, and pusillanimous. But the Saxons have fought nobly and heartily, and might be said to deserve a better fate than they have obtained, if it were not the best of all fates for Saxony to be taken from Austria's wing, and placed under the influence of Prussia. With respect to Bavaria and Wurtemberg, Prussia will not care to be over-exacting. Mistress of the North, she will always, in virtue of her commercial and military position, be able to overshadow these two little States. Their immediate annexation might be a source of embarrassment to her, not of strength; though the time will perhaps come before long when all in Bavaria and Wurtemberg, except the reigning families and the priests, would be only too happy to be admitted into the great Prussian family. Till then they will be too insigni-ficant to intrigue with France; and Austria has had her fill of intriguing with allies who cannot help her at a pinch. Trouble enough is left for her to keep her busily engage home. All her provinces are on the eve of insisting on Constitutions, and Vienna seems almost as weary of a paternal Government as Pesth. Yet if Austrian monarchs were alive to the exigencies of their time, and would listen to what their subjects ask, Austria, though her outposts in Germany and Italy are driven in, and though she has almost ceased to be a Western Power, might yet have a future of prosperity and prestige. Her internal resources are almost boundless, she has within her limits the undeveloped germs of great wealth and industry; and ostracism from German politics, national bankruptcy, and internal disaffection may possibly, strange as it seems, lead to her future greatness.

Prussia, like Austria, has plenty of home occupation to employ her for some years. The King of Prussia has gone back, crowned with laurels, and full of the consciousness of a Divine mission, to have an interview with his refractory

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Parliament. His speech is meant doubtless to be a conciliatory one, and he has held out the olive-branch to the Liberal party as graciously as a pompous royal prig is capable of doing who is under the impression that the favour of the ALMIGHTY is always about his bed and about his path. That the past proceedings of his Ministers have been uncon-stitutional he candidly confesses, and the great events of the last two months may incline the hearts of his Deputies to meet his clumsy royal overtures half-way. M. BISMARK will have achieved enough of his occult purposes to make him less solicitous about the maintenance of an unnecessary army; and if a democratic German Parliament is assembled on the basis of universal suffrage, constitutional liberty cannot long be withheld either from the old or the new subjects of the Prussian Crown.
The King himself is too fatuous by disposition to become wiser by success, but M. BISMARE, whose statesmanlike qualities are considerable, is aware that for the consolidation of recently annexed provinces there will be no recipe like good and free institutions. In promising Prussia a firm and lasting peace, His Majesty unconsciously holds out the hope of amendment in himself, and he is at any rate sufficiently advanced in years for the Prussian people to cheer them-selves with the precarious prospect of the virtuous mode-ration of the Heir Presumptive to the Throne. Prussian Crown Princes have a way of being hopeful till they come to the crown, but a more solid guarantee of prosperity and unanimity is afforded in the absorption into the monarchy of a number of new subjects whose attachment to the dynasty can only be secured by the conduct of the dynasty itself.

The future relations of Prussia and Italy cannot with certainty be predicted. The Prussian Monarch, in his address to his Chambers, has not treated the King of ITALY to much more courteous mention than the French EMPEROR, and henceforward Prussia may opine that she has even less to gain by the friendship of Italy than she has to lose by the coldness or enmity of France. In the question of Rome she is scarcely concerned to interfere, though it is not for her interest that Catholicism should be strengthened in the South of Europe. But it is not perhaps Utopian to hope that the rise of Prussian power will indirectly enure to the advantage of Protestantism and freedom all over the Continent. Not the least benefit of all will be that which may accrue to the world at large from the impetus that will certainly be given by recent changes to the intellectual and the commercial growth of the German race. French ideas may possibly cease, except so far as they are founded in reason and moderation, to run riot over the rest of Europe; and Germany will acquire, it may be, some of the popular intellectual influence which, since the days of the first French Revolution, has been the peculiar property of France. For these reasons the English nation, in spite of the arrogance of Prussian Court, has a right to feel that what has been done for Germany is a gain to civilization. Whether the Prussian nation will be in a hurry to assume in Europe that diplomatic authority which it may claim to have won among its other acquisitions at Sadowa, remains to be seen. For the present, its interest is not unaturally centred on itself, and, unless threats of foreign interference should give a different direction to national feeling, Prussia will for a while be chiefly occupied in securing and consolidating her gains.

"GLADSTONE AND ME."

LORD SAY, according to SHAKSPEARE, seems to have had his difficulty about the men of Kent, who give themselves not seldom extraordinary airs, claiming some sort of precedence among the counties of England. It is, if we may trust this ancient authority, at once bona teria mala gens, and, "according to the Commentaries that Cæsar writ, the civilest "place in England." Sir Edward Dering, who represents the Eastern division of Kent, must be in no less perplexity about the character of his native county and of his constituency. It appears that some of them, under the name of the Liberal Registration Association, had been calling him over the coals for the vote which he gave in favour of Lord Dunkellin's motion. What the Association seems to want is a delegate, not a representative. Without waiting for the holidays, during which it has of late become the custom for our senators to give an account of their stewardship, the Kentish men have been considering whether they should not at once withdraw their confidence from their member. Instead of replying to them as Mr. Doulton or Mr. Horsman would have done, Sir Edward thought proper to make some communication to a General Williams, explaining what his vote did or did not

mean. This letter we have either never seen or have forgotten; but it makes very little difference what it contained, for, in his oral defence of himself at Canterbury, Sir Edward entered into a minute explanation of his motives. He did not seek to retard, still less to defeat, the Reform Bill; only he had a preference for a rating qualification over one of rental. And he then pursues the old wrangie to its trees.

far as he had any meaning—at any rate as far as he ventures to express it in the teeth of his indignant constituents—is neither very clear nor very important. The Liberal Associathen pursues the old wrangle to its dregs. What he meant, as to express it in the teeth of his indiguant constituents—is neither very clear nor very important. The Liberal Association were not able to make much of the explanation. So they took counsel of one of their brethren, Mr. KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN, who is at once a Kentish member and a Liberal, and was a subordinate in the late Government. The question whether Sir Edward was to be reckoned a black sheep was perhaps not quite a fair one to put to his brother Kentish squire and neighbour. So at least Mr. Hugessen thought; and, either from delicacy or from sheer inability to decide this nice point of political casuistry, he referred it to the leading doctors. Earl RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE were appealed to as the first Ductores Dubitantium of the day. Mr. GLADSTONE clearly relished his task, whatever may be thought of the sense of those scrupulous persons who applied to this master in the art of relieving tender consciences. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, refining on the question whether Sir EDWARD DERING was or was not morally entitled to retain the seat for East Kent, is quite equal to SUAREZ or ESCOBAR. He mouths over and sucks and mumbles the referred case with all the unctuous relish of the most subtle doctors of the confessional. He refines and distinguishes; divides, and then confutes his division; and ends, just as they used to do four hundred years ago in the schools, by saying that the thing is both right and wrong. The ultimate conclusion is that it was perhaps wrong to do a thing which might or might not be justifiable or excusable according to circumstances or intention, on which there was much to be said either way, and that, as it was most likely the person who did it did not know what he meant when he did it, or that the thing itself really meant, or might be taken to mean, the exact opposite of what the doer did it for, why, on the whole, perhaps it might pass without being considered a mortal sin. Tedious all this, and subtle and elaborate; but not very plain. The vote was a bad vote, but it was given in what the judgment of casuistry might consider a tolerabilis ineptia. tacit and not complimentary inference is that Sir Edward was something of a fool; but that great allowance must be made for a fool, and we must support him. As for Earl RUSSELL, he clearly did not want to be bored. He endorses what he familiarly calls " GLADSTONE'S letter " en bloc, and pronounces that "DERING ought to be taken back into the fold." shall have more to say of this presently; we can now only remark that this is rather contemptuous, but it is Lord Russell's way. He is not careful about people's feelings. He clearly considers the Kentish baronet, the inheritor of a great historical name quite as good as that of any Russell, as a very black lamb shivering and bleating outside in the cold, on when the cold of whom a coarse sort of pity and compassion might well be bestowed. The naughty boy had said he was very sorry, and his cars had been boxed, so he might be kissed and sent

The difference between the letters of Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone is characteristic. Mr. Gladstone is unctuous, solemnly didactic, and sermonizing. He wishes to set a good and pious example. Far be it from him to be suspicious; himself the victim of cruel suspicion and misrepresentation, he would judge all men in the largest spirit of charity. It is for him only to illustrate in practice the Sermon on the Mount; henceforth he and his would only do as they would be done by. Let us "set an example "of discarding the poisonous spirit of suspicion, and of "interpreting and treating others as we wish to be "treated and interpreted ourselves." How edifying! how good! how pious, these political homilies. There is, or was, a mad woman — not so very mad perhaps—who used to go the round of the London churches, and whose extremely inconvenient habit was to waylay the poor preacher on his way from the pulpit to the vestry, sometimes from the vestry to the pulpit, and in a terribly audible but monotonous whisper to repeat, "Practise what you preach!" Why does she not pay a visit to Carlton House Terrace? If Mr. Gladstone had, but two months ago, done what he now recommends the Kentish electors to do, he would not have had to walk across the House. It was precisely because he did interpret and treat the Liberals

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who voted for Lord Dunkellin's amendment as he would not be treated and interpreted himself, that he was obliged to throw up his cards on the Reform Bill. He had to do that which, to us his own language, "though difficult, was practicable "enough"; but it was practicable only by giving as well as taking. It was just because he was suspicious, jealous, imtaking. It was just because he was suspicious, and specially practicable, and hard to the House of Commons, and specially practicable, and hard to the House of Commons, and specially practicable, and hard (to speak after the practicable, and hard to the House of Commons, and especially suspicious, jealous, impracticable, and hard (to speak after the fashion of his own verbiage) towards the Liberals who claimed only to have some little liberty of thought and some slight license of deliberation, that he failed. It was the absence of the very virtues of which he now preaches the value that lost him and his chief their offices. No doubt, if the Liberal party is to be consolidated, it must be by laying aside mutual suspicious and mistrust: but it was the suspicious party is to be consolidated, it must be by laying aside mu-tual suspicions and mistrust; but it was the suspicious and mistrustful temper and manner of Mr. Gladstone that broke up the Liberal party. Nothing of course is more edifying than the spectacle of a reformed rake, and Mr. Glad-stone is not the only living instance of a converted sinner denouncing from the pulpit or platform the errors which he or she has experimentally illustrated. But still there is a ludicrous element in it. The profine will giggle; for Mr. GLADSTONE, preaching against suspicion, and advocating political charity, is almost as good as Mr. RICHARD WEAVER.

And so it seems to have been thought at Canterbury. The indignant electors did not know what to make of it. A vote of censure on Sir Edward Dering, though proposed, was not passed; a vote of confidence in Sir Edward Dering was not proposed. It was finally agreed to let the matter stand over without pronouncing any opinion on a question which was far too involved, especially after the obscure light thrown upon it from Carlton Terrace, for any Kentish solution. At any rate, Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone took nothing by their interference, and Mr. Hugessen seems to have taken less by invoking that interference. Perhaps the men of Kent resented the reference to "the leaders" "of the party, with GLADSTONE and me at their head."
Little confident as they may have been in Sir EDWARD,
they were less confident in the "leaders of the party"; or at any rate they thought they were quite as capable of coming to a judgment on the man whom they chose to represent them as the late Ministers themselves. They apparament represent them as the most armiser's themselves. They apparently did not like to have their future representative nominated by "the leaders of the party." Whiggism proper and hereditary might be quite as unpopular at Canterbury as Lord DUNKELLIN and Lord GROSVENOR. Independence of party the Kentish electors might not altogether like; but dependence on Lord RUSSELL was as little to their taste. Even the promised security of the fold, and the handsome forgiveness of Earl Russell, and the argumentative exoneration of Mr. Gladstone did not reassure them. There are testimonials which do a candidate rather more harm than good. At any rate Earl Russell is old enough, and Mr. Gladstone ought to be wise enough, to know that this sort of thing is very undignified and impolitic. But the two men cannot help it. It is no more possible, we fear, for the two leaders of the party to restrain their propensities to impertinent—we use the word in its etymological sense—letter-writing and sermonizing, than for a paralytic man to keep from nodding his head. They must be meddling. In a small way, and on an infinitely petty occasion, these hortatory letters are quite in Lord Russell's line. Writing to "dear Hugessen," he writes of course as he did not write to the European Powers, and for once he interposes in a good-tempered way; but that he wrote at all, or interfered in Sir Edward's Kentish business, is only repeating, on the most reduced scale, RUSSELL, and the argumentative exoneration of Mr. GLADSTONE business, is only repeating, on the most reduced scale, what he did at Berlin and Copenhagen and Vienna. Earl Russell is a man who, if he cannot lecture and advise Cabinets, must tender solemn admonitions to his housemaids; and as to Mr. GLADSTONE, so that he can but find or make and as to Mr. Glabstone, so that he can but find or make an opportunity for turning on the tap of his washy sentiment, it matters not what subject, human or divine, he preaches upon. Boyle did not meditate upon a broomstick, but he might have done so. Glabstone does refine upon the great Dering difficulty, though he had better have said for once that something in heaven or on earth was no business of once that something in heaven or on earth was no business of his. The late remarkable occultation of the binary star has been noticed, and the first utterances of the oracle of Reform were looked for with considerable interest. The Great Voice has spoken, and spoken about Sir EDWARD DERING.
The anti-climax is as complete as the Pope playing at billiards. If the leaders of the party, with GLADSTONE and RUSSELL at their head, were half as communicative and prolix about the Reform League as they are on what is the concern of the East Kent electors alone, we should be obliged to them.

There is, however, one very remarkable point in this cor-spondence with which Sir EDWARD's case has nothing to do. The curious thing that comes out of the two letters is that either Earl RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE are irreconcilably divided on the very essence of their own Reform scheme, or that the late Premier, as is most likely, assumed his colleague's ex-position of the Whig faith to be all right and orthodox, and position of the Whig faith to be all right and orthodox, and was not at the trouble of reading through Mr. Gladstone's tedious and verbose epistle to "dear Hugessen." One thing at any rate is certain—that, as the two letters stand, they are in direct contradiction to each other. Mr. Gladstone says that the 5l rating, which he tries to represent Sir Edward as practically upholding, would be revolution, not reform, and therefore this could only have been the Kentish baronet's apparent meaning. The poor creature did not see this; he did not perceive that this would have been "gross and "palpable injustice." Therefore he must not be taken to have intended this, and because he did not know the real effect of his vote he was to be pardoned. On the other hand, according to Earl Russell, because Sir Edward really and intentionally accepted the 5l rating which Earl Russell also accepts, though Mr. Gladstone denounces it as the madness of "extreme politicians," he was "to be taken back into the "fold." The two passages are so curiously opposed, and seem to betray such utterly contradictory views of the Reform question on the part of Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, that we must quote them:—

duestion on the first that we must quote them:—

GLADSTONE—" He (DERING) must apparently mean that we grandless. But this, "ought to have proposed a 5*l* rating franchise. But this, the next lowest figure, would have given an enfranchise-ment materially larger than that of the Bill. I wonder Sir "E. Dering does not see that if we had done this we should "E. Dering does not see that if we had done this we should for the first time have given colour, and even more than colour, to the charge which has from the beginning been urged against us with such persistency and such gross and palpable injustice—the charge of having disregarded the fears and scruples of the moderate, and of having leant to the doctrines of extreme politicians."

Russell—"If he (Dering) agrees to the 5l. rating franches, as I understand him to do, he ought to be taken back the fold."

" into the fold."

No wonder that, in this contradiction and conflict of judgment on the part of the referees, the Kentish Liberals felt that they had better leave the matter alone.

FRANCE, ITALY, AND ROME.

RECENT events have not tended to increase good feeling between France and the rest of the Continent. Peacemakers are blessed in heaven, but are seldom the objects of benediction upon earth, and the Emperor Napoleon is scarcely disinterested enough as a mediator to be thanked heartily by two out of the three combatants on whom his good offices have been pressed. The Italians, in particular, have dis-played some impatience of his incessant patronage, and seem inclined at last to resent, with a mixture of dignity and petulance, the dry-nursing of the French Foreign Office. The Austrian cession of Venetia to a neutral bystander in the middle of a critical campaign was insulting in the extreme to the King of ITALY, and if France had been so unwise as to insist upon the fiction of her rights under the transfer, Italy would not easily have forgotten or forgiven the affront. Now would not easily have lorgotten or lorgiven the altront. Now that the chance of such a miscarriage is removed, an uneasy sense of irritation still lingers in the minds of the Italians. They cannot help feeling that, in spite of their bravery and their armaments, Europe has treated them as children; and they are alternately provoked with the Austrians, the Prussians, the French, their own ironclad ships, their big guns, the stupidity of their gunners who never could hit anything, Admiral Persano, General La Marnora, Prince Napoleon, and everybody whom they have come across. The world looks very blue and out of joint to them, and at such a moment it is a poor conout of joint to them, and at such a moment it is a poor con-solation to be given peaceably what one wanted to reach down for oneself by force. It would be strange if NAPOLEON III. did not come in for some of the dissatisfaction which they are did not come in for some of the dissatisfaction which they are showering with much impartiality on all within their reach. He has not been very prudent in the tone he has used towards them, and if in return Italy could safely administer to her great ally a little wholesome mortification, she would not hesitate to do so. In Baron Ricasoli's letter denouncing as treason all projects for bartering away an inch of Italian territory, there was accordingly a slight grain of natural and national animus. The exclusion of France from any ostensible rate in the recognitions between the three helligographs is a part in the negotiations between the three belligerents is a similar significant indication of the temper Prussia and Italy

are in. Austria would have been very glad to have the French Emperior present by proxy at the discussion of the conditions of peace, as his interest and hers henceforward at any European Conference are pretty sure to be identical. But M. Bismark and Baron Ricasoli would not listen to anything of the kind. They are both beginning to be weary of the virtues and the magnanimity of the French Aristides, and for the first time since 1848 Prussia and Italy enjoy the intense luxury of being able to dare to say so.

Some trouble, in consequence, may be experienced with respect to the settlement of the Austrian and Italian frontier. Down to the very eve of the signature of the armistice, the Italian Cabinet would consent to receive nothing less than a promise of both Istria and the Tyrol, and apprehensions have since been entertained lest, on the refusal of this ultimatum, the Italians should commit themselves to some act of desperation and imprudence. Their tenacity in this and other important matters has had the effect of bringing back the French Emperor from Vichy, and has given constant employment to the Paris and Turin telegraph. The Prussians, unfortunately for VICTOR EMMANUEL, are far too much wrapped up in the great events that have occurred in Germany to take a keen interest about Italy's frontier line. As far as them-selves are concerned, the object of the war is fully attained, and M. BISMARK is too wise ever to have pledged himself to acquire for Italy more ground than the Austrians are now willing to concede to her. To the possession indeed of the Quadrilateral the Italian Kingdom may be admitted to have a fair claim. It is true that fortune has not smiled either on the fleet or the army, but there has been sufficient concert between the military movements of Prussia and those of Italy to justify the title of the latter to a share in the successes of the former, and a minute portion of the political profits of Sadowa may descend of right to the repulsed army of Custozza. But the modern pretensions of Italy extend in reality to the whole Northern seaboard of the Adriatic, and no sacrifice which Austria can be reasonably expected to make will operate as a final satisfaction to the ambition of her Southern enemy. We may assume that the Prussian King will try to render the close of the war as pleasant as possible to his Italian allies; but the Prussians are not the nation we take them for if they resume hostilities upon the Danube for the sake of the wounded amour propre of the frequenters of the Florence cares. They will scrupulously carry out any contract they have made with the Italian Government, but, in discharging their part of the bargain, are not likely to throw in any additional gratuities that are not in the bond. And without Prussia or France what can Italy hope to do? Short as the war has been, it has lasted long enough to teach her that gallantry cannot carry everything before it; and that fleets and armies which will bravely face death for the sake of their beloved Italy may yet be beaten in a stand-up fight. Probably, then, the campaign of 1866 will end, like the campaign of 1859, too suddenly to satisfy Italy, but not too suddenly to have done her substantial service. The peace of Villafranca disappointed Cavour, and the peace of Prague, if that is to be its name, will mortify RICASOLI. Such vexations are incidental to the lot of a Kingdom that labours under the necessity of making war under the shadow of big allies. The big allies will stop fighting when it suits them, and cannot be induced to go on a moment longer than they choose. CAVOUR, accordingly, being unable in 1859 to persuade NAPOLEON III. that it was his duty to accept no compromises from Austria, consoled himself, and saved his political reputation, by resigning office. RICASOLI, in 1866, may think it right to show his sense of the want of spirit among the Prussians by a similar proceeding.

As this is the year for settling the Roman question as well as the Venetian, it is peculiarly unfortunate that Italy and France should be on cooler terms than ordinary. The month is rapidly approaching when the French, according to their contract, are to leave Rome, and the Pope is growing proportionately anxious that the virulent little Roman journals, whose pages are chiefly occupied with gross abuse of the new Italian Kingdom and with accounts of the various churches that the Pope has been to pray in, should confine themselves as far as possible to the latter inoffensive topic. He does not see any advantage in cursing the Prussians and the Italians, when Providence has shown itself so decidedly on their side; and if Pio Nono were a younger man, perhaps he would make one more attempt, before the year was out, to reconcile Italy and the Church. The battle of Sadowa, it must not be forgotten, is a terrible blow to Austria directly, but incidentally to the Papacy as well. Perhaps it will turn out to be Dr. Cummo's

battle of Armageddon after all. Henceforward Catholicism has no powerful Court in Europe, except the Tuileries, to uphold its interests. Southern Germany is at the mercy of Prussia; even Bavaria has only escaped extinction by the skin of her teeth; and the Papacy has nearly seen the last of Concordats. If Austria is driven out of Germany and Italy, and if two great Liberal Kingdoms spring up on either side of her, the trusty bulwarks of Catholicism are for ever cone, and Pio Nono has only the French EMPEROR, whom gone, and Pio Nono has only the French EMPEROR, whom his Bishops have been calling Judas, to lean upon. It is not certain that this change in the aspect of the political world will make Napoleon III. more anxious to depart from Rome. On the one hand, it is true that he has nothing more to fear, either in Northern or Central Italy, from the rivalry of Austria, and that a Roman garrison is less necessary, either as a military or moral position. The star of the Hapsburgs has finally and irrevocably paled before the star of the Napoleons. Upon the other hand, France is becoming so necessary to the Papacy that the Papacy may be expected to cultivate before long a reciprocal fondness and affection for France, and by this time Napoleon III. has probably weighed the possibilities of making himself chief of a Holy Catholic alliance. The idea is not a novelty to him. From time to alliance. The idea is not a noverty to min. From time to time he has shown symptoms of a disposition to look forward to an entente cordiale between Austria, on the one side, and France, Italy, and Spain upon the other. The cession of Venetia has rendered such a league in the far future a possibility; the aggrandisement of Prussia, and the unity of Protestant Germany, have made it almost a necessity. It is not to be expected, therefore, that the French Emperon will break with a religious system that might be of use, and material use, to him in Europe. The effect of all the events of the last seven weeks will only be that he will redouble his efforts to bring about a compromise between Italy and the Vatican. And the eyes of the Vatican at last ought to be opening. After the campaign of 1866 the consolidation of Italy must be admitted to be a fait accompli. Unless the Italians provoke national annihilation by quarrelling with France, the hopes of all the small Italian Courts are at an end. The Boursons never will return in the present generation to Naples, even if their friends the ban-dits persevere in carrying off rich proprietors to the hills, and in robbing diligences, till the purse of the ex-Queen of NAPLES is exhausted. Austria no longer even menaces Italy; in the late negotiation for an armistice she formally abandoned all pretensions to dictate to Italy about Rome, and the worldly interests of the old Italian ducal families, and those of the reigning families of Cassel and of Hanover, are about on a par as respects their marketable values. All temporal power is of less importance, accordingly, to the Pope. Whatever temporalities are left him can be only in the nature of an overgrown private property, and cannot confer on him any political status in Italy or Europe. The difficulty of his consecration oath remains; but even if Pio Noxo is as pertinacious as George III., a future Pontiff may not feel called upon to take a more rigid view of the interpretation of a Latin formula than was adopted by the negotiators of the Treaty of Tolentino. A pacific solution of the difficulty would be not wholly beyond the reach of hope if it were not that, as the not wholly beyond the reach of hope if it were not that, as the influence of France increases at the Vatican, it decreases at Florence. With the annexation of Venice, the passion to absorb Rome may however decline, as the idea of Italian unity will have been amply realized without the appropriation of a wholly unsuitable metropolis. For the sake of the misgoverned population of Rome it is, nevertheless, to be hoped that the Catholic city is destined before long to pass into the hands of a secular and liberal Sovereign. The transfer which is only an object of ambition to Italy is a matter of life and death to Rome itself. death to Rome itself.

AMERICAN COURTESIES.

A MONG many misapprehensions which have been corrected by the attention paid to the United States during the war, is the not unnatural assumption that American speeches and public documents are to be construed by the light of European experience. For four years, nearly every newspaper and nearly every orator in the Northern States daily or weekly exhausted the resources of invective in insults and menaces addressed to England. Half the towns in New England offered their municipal honours to a foolish and blustering sea-captain who had made the mistake of translating the popular language into an actual outrage. The House of Representatives also passed a vote of thanks to Captain WILKES, and he had previously received the approval of the Minister at the head of the navy. Yet, while the community talked

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foolishly, it allowed its Government to act wisely; and, on many subsequent occasions, unrestrained speech has been accepted as a substitute for hasty measures. It appears that some political advantage is still to be earned at Washington by careful adherence to the old Democratic precedents of unmeaning discourtesy. When Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Soulk met at Ostend to devise measures for the acquisition of Cuba, the Republicans were eager to assure astonished foreigners that the violation of justice and international comits. Cuba, the Republicans were eager to assure astonished foreigners that the violation of justice and international comity was peculiar to the lawless slaveholding faction. In one of his Presidential Messages, Mr. Buchanan repeated the proposal for purchasing Cuba; and once more the Opposition dwelt on the reckless laxity of political character which was fostered by Southern influences. English partisans who have accepted the standing excuse for the oddities of American politics and diplomacy will find some difficulty in justifying a Republican repetition of Mr. Buchanan's piratical offer. A Bill "for the "admission of the States of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, "Canada East, and Canada West, and for the organization of "the Territories of Selkirk, Saskatchewan, and Columbia," has, in the present Session, passed a second reading in the House of Representatives, and it has been referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and been ordered to be printed. Mr. Buchanan's proceeding was, on the whole, less impudent, because the President may always be supposed to proceed by diplomatic methods, and it was conceivable that Spain might enter into negotiations for the cession of Cuba. The Bill for the admission of "States and Territories" which are at present British provinces assumes that the robbery which it purports to sanction has, in principle, here always to east the restrict received in the purports to sanction has, in principle, foreigners that the violation of justice and international comity the robbery which it purports to sanction has, in principle, been already accomplished.

The framer of the Bill proposes, like Mr. Buchanan, to pay a price for the contemplated plunder; but Spain was to be offered many millions of dollars for Cuba, while the Republican legislator omits all mention of compensation to England. The precise sum of 85,700,000 dollars of colonial debt is to be assumed by the United States, and an expenditure of not more than 50,000,000 dollars is to be incurred in improving the inland navigation. The Imperial Government is only mentioned in the middle of a paragraph, which provides that the admission of the States and Territories shall take effect the admission of the States and Territories shall take effects of whenever notice shall be deposited in the Department of "State that the Governments of Great Britain and of the "Provinces" have accepted the proposal contained in the Bill. If the silliest and obscurest member of the House of Commons were to ask leave to introduce a Bill for the amexation of foreign territory in America or in Europe, he would at once be checked by the rules of Parliament, as well as by the contempt and disgust of his colleagues. In America matters are differently managed, nor is ill-breeding or bad feeling any indication of political insignificance. The Bill for annexing Canada is proposed by no less a person than Mr. Banks, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Banks, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, afterwards military Governor of New Orleans and Louisiana, and now Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs to which the Bill is referred. It is not likely that even the House of Representatives will perpetrate the gross impropriety of passing the Bill, nor indeed can Mr. Banks himself be supposed to have intended legislation which would be obviously inoperative and absurd. The passage of the Bill through its earlier stages only implies that the mover believes that the most outrageous policy will be popular with the Republican party and with the mass of the people; yet it is fair to admit that the object of all parties is not so much to commit a crime as to persuade themselves and the much to commit a crime as to persuade themselves and the world that they are not afraid or ashamed to be wicked. A subsequent display of spite and ill-will is equally deserving of the notice of those politicians who endeavour to persuade themselves that persistent animosity to England is the monopoly of the Southern or Democratic party. The new Neutrality Bill which Mr. Banks has induced the House of Representatives to pass may be theoretically defensible, if it be true, as is asserted, that it merely assimilates the neutrality laws of the United States to those of Great Britain; but the estantations professions of expressive with Fenjanism laws of the United States to those of Great Britain; out the estentatious professions of sympathy with Fenianism contained in the report on which the measure is founded are, if possible, a grosser outrage on political decency than even the proposal to annex British territory. It is right to add that the Committee on Foreign Affairs was not quite unanimous in recommending that Congress should provide new ficilities for arean replacers and murder. A minority of new facilities for arson, robbery, and murder. A minority of two members ventured to dissent from a proposition avowedly dictated by the desire to promote piratical war against unoffending neighbours.

scarcely more important than newspaper articles; and the absence of responsibility facilitated, and almost excused, the use of extravagant language. If, however, Congress succeeds in its present efforts to increase its own power at the expense of the Executive, the discharge of important functions will have a tendency to correct the prevailing taste for bluster and braggadocio. It would be unfortunate that the child should become a giant before he had acquired something of manly reticence and self-respect. It is not certain whether the American people will ultimately side with the President or with the Radical majority in the Senate and the House. At present it seems that encroachments on the rights of the Executive are popular; for the notorious Governor BrownLow lately found it expedient to flatter the dominant faction by "sending his respects to the "dead dog at the White House." It is comfortable to reflect that Republican politicians think it scarcely more necessary to behave like gentlemen in domestic than in foreign affairs. A man who has the bad taste to call his own relatives fools and reach a respective contempts when they indirection when and rascals provokes contempt rather than indignation when he digresses into abuse of his neighbours. Mr. Banks, though he was formerly considered a respectable politician, may now be paired off against the notorious buffoon of Tennessee. The struggles of Congress to extend its own functions are more The struggles of Congress to extend its own functions are more interesting than the eccentricities of its individual members. Mr. Harvey, United States Minister in Portugal, has lately been deprived of his salary by the House of Representatives for expressing approval of the President's policy in a private letter to Mr. Seward, which was afterwards published. As the House has never before pretended to interfere with official appointments, the vote may perhaps have large results in changing the Constitution. The House of Commons acquired supreme power in England by a similar use of its hold on the public purse, and it is evident that the President's patronage public purse, and it is evident that the President's patronage is practically at an end if he can only confer official titles, while Congress disposes of the corresponding salaries. Foreigners have no right whatever to express any but a speculative opinion on the internal balance of power in the United States. English associations would favour government by an elected assembly rather than by a single person; but if Congress is for the first time to exercise the powers of sovereignty, it would be extremely desirable that its members should be selected with some regard to their fitness for high functions. A House of Representatives which allows a Bill for the annexation of Canada to be read a second time is certainly not qualified to govern a great country.

As far as Mr. Banks is serious in his scheme of annexation, he is probably influenced by the measures of the Canadian Ministry and Parliament, and by the near approach of colonial Confederation. The abolition of the Reciprocity Treaty has induced the Canadians to reduce the duties on maritime imports, so that the selfishness of American monopolists has directly promoted the extension of Free-trade. The New England manufacturers who, under the present tariff, receive fifty or a hundred per cent. on their capital, extremely dislike the prevalence of cheapness in a country tremely dislike the prevalence of cheapness in a country divided from their own by a long imaginary frontier. It would be a triumph to stop foreign imports at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, instead of on the Southern shore of the lakes. The great cause of bad and dear goods is intimately connected with the extension of the area of freedom and of the tariff. The Confederation, which is now all but completed, is still more irritating to Republican cupidity. If the seizure of the Provinces is postponed for a single year, Mr. Banks will have to alter the language of his Bill, and to provide for the annexation of a single political community occupying an area somewhat larger than the territory of the United States. A Republican writer, who naturally approves of the States. A Republican writer, who naturally approves of the Annexation Bill, demands, in a letter to Mr. Seward, whether "we should regard with indifference and in silence the "encroachments of despotic power in Canada," and declares that "we have a vital interest in the preservation of the "popular Governments of the British Provinces." The British Provinces are much indebted to the kindness of their American friends, which precisely resembles the solicitude of M. THIERS for the rights of the petty princes in Germany and Italy. The Confederation will, to a certain extent, do for Canada and Nova Scotia what the Prussian victories have done for Germany. As even French politicians have lately ceased to demand the annexation of Rhenish Germany, Mr. Banks himself will perhaps hereafter doubt whether a colony with four millions of inhabitants is a convenient subject for foreign legislation. we members ventured to dissent from a proposition avowedly cated by the desire to promote piratical war against unoffendig neighbours.

In former times, the votes and speeches in the House were applicated by the desire to not deprive him of the satisfaction of having been as rude as the most patriotic Republican can desire. Mr. Banks lately proposed, in the most universally applicated speech of the Session, to send a Monitor and a

battery of large guns to the Paris Exhibition, and to add to the terror which would fall on the Old World by despatching Grant and Sherman to frighten Europe by the display of their warlike countenances. It would be worth while to add Mr. Banks himself to the consignment, as a characteristic specimen of the judgment and the courtesy which are found compatible in America with the possession of considerable ability and with the attainment of high political station.

THE EXTRADITION TREATY BILL.

THE course of the correspondence between the French and English Governments on the Extradition Treaty shows a commendable disposition on the part of the former to cut its coat according to its cloth. Of the two objections put forward, in the first instance, against the Convention of 1843, one was never insisted upon at all, while the other was not persevered in. It is something for a foreign statesman to have learned that an English Minister is only powerful so far as he has Parliament at his back; and, to do M. Drouyn de Lhuys justice, he seems to have been very quickly satisfied with Lord Clarendon's assurance of the impossibility of giving him what he asked. The special grievance upon which the French Minister originally founded his complaint was that the treaty makes it obligatory upon the committing magistrate in England to "form an opinion on the case." Instead of at once handing over the accused person to the French claimant upon the simple production of the mandat d'arrêt, the English official requires to have some evidence submitted to him that the prisoner is really guilty. It is true that the proof demanded is not of a very rigorous kind. So long as a *primâ facie* case can be satisfactorily made out from the depositions, the law puts no obstacle in the way of the surrender. The magistrate has simply to satisfy himself upon three points—first, that one of the offences contemplated by the treaty has been committed; next, that there is so much ground for connecting the accused with the commission of it as would justify the case being sent before a jury if the offence had been committed in England; and, lastly, that the prisoner and the accused are really the same person. The prisoner is not, as a rule, entitled to controvert the truth of the charge, or to produce exculpatory evidence; he can only disprove his identity with the person named in the warrant, and claim to have the depositions read over in his presence. Still, moderate as these conditions seem to be, the French Government found something to complain of in every one of them. Suppose, for example, a properly authenticated warrant to be presented at Bow Street for the arrest, on the charge of murder, of a Frenchman living in England; M. DROUYN DE LAUYS considered that the alleged criminal should be at once handed over to the custody of the French police. He was indignant that an English magistrate should be allowed to "form an opinion" whether there had been a murder at all, whether there was any reasonable likelihood that the person named in the warrant was the murderer, or whether there was any ground for supposing the prisoner in charge to be the person whom the French officers were in search of. He asked, in fact, as Mr. Torrens very neatly put it, "that a French "warrant should run in Middlesex." There is a very obvious answer to such a requisition as this, and one quite unconnected with any real or supposed defects in French criminal procedure. If such a demand were conceded, it would be better to go a step further, and allow the French police to make arrests among their countrymen in England without the formality of an appeal to an English official. By this means we should at least avoid the unpleasant responsibility of sending a man to prison about whom we know nothing more than that some one has accused him of something. So long as it is necessary, in order to deprive a Frenchman of his liberty, to invoke the aid of an English magistrate, the latter will be the person who is really responsible for the act. No man holding that position could commit a prisoner for trial upon the simple warrant of a brother justice; and it is difficult to see why he should do, on the word of a foreigner, what he would not do on the word of a fellow-countryman. If the principle of inter-national comity is to be pushed to such a length as this, we might simplify matters still more by empowering an English sheriff to hang a man who has been condemned to death by the sentence of a French court.

A few weeks' reflection seems to have convinced M. DROUYN DE LHUYS of the unreasonableness or the futility of his proposition. His retreat was covered by the convenient discovery of a grievance hitherto unheard of; and from the moment of its appearance all reference to the hardship of

having to produce documentary evidence in support of the mandat d'arrêt is quietly dropped out of the correspondence. Our vulgar English procedure has hurt, it seems, the susceptibilities of the French judges; and this has been the sole cause why the provisions of the treaty have remained inoperative. The depositions produced at Bow Street in support of a demand of extradition profess to be copies of those upon which the French warrant was granted; and the English Act of 1843 provides that they may be received in evidence if "certified under the "hand of the person issuing such warrant, and attested upon "the oath of the party producing them, to be true copies" of the originals. It is these seemingly harmless words, "attested "upon the eath of the party producing them," that have done all the mischief. In order to swear to the accuracy of the copies, the person producing them—"usually," says M. Barroche, with touching dignity, "a common policeman"—must necessarily see the originals; and as, before this is done, the copies in question have been already certified under the hand and seal of the judge who issued the warrant, this additional inspection is supposed to involve an indignity to the official who signed the certificate. As soon as this fact was made clear, a possibility presented itself of finding a way out of the difficulty. Sir Thomas Henry applied himself to the construction of an amending clause which should make the Act of 1843 effectual; and a Bill was prepared by the late Government, and adopted by their successors, which provides that copies of depositions shall for the future be received in evidence if their accuracy is sertified under the hand of a competent judge, whose signature shall in turn be authenticated by the signature and seal of the French Minister of Justice. The intrusion of the offensive policeman is thus avoided, and the honour of the French magistracy is satisfied.

We regret that it should have been thought necessary to raise any objections to the passing of this Bill. We do full justice to that jealousy for the English privilege of asylum by which the opponents of the measure were most properly animated, but we do not think that they showed any ground for supposing its maintenance to be in the least degree interfered with by the new Act. Mr. Torrens argued that there would be no security against the French magistrates sending over only a single deposition, and keeping both others equally material to the case, but more favourable to the innocence of the accused person. Mr. Mill denied that depositions taken in France were at all the same thing as depositions taken in England, and he avowed his fear "lest our magistrates, not being well acquainted with the French system of procedure, should be induced to "attach the same weight" to the one class of documents as to the other. But, whatever force there may be in these objections, they apply with just as much appropriateness to the Act of 1843 as to the Bill of 1866. What was there, as the law stood last week, to prevent a French judge from selecting for transmission to England just so many of the depositions as he pleased? All that was established by the oath of the person producing the copies was that they accurately represented the originals. The witness had had an opportunity of satisfying himself upon this point, but he could have no means of discovering whether the depositions that had been copied were the whole, or only a part, of those which had been taken. Nor will the weight attached by an English magistrate to French procedure be in the least affected by the change in the law. He will still be bound to satisfy himself that the evidence is such as to establish a primâ facie case against the prisoner. The only difference will be that he will accept this evidence on the word of a French policeman. It can hardly be seriously maintained that this single omission is fatal. Mr. Mill must have a much higher opinion of the

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It is at best doubtful whether the praiseworthy object at which Sir F. Goldsmid aimed by the clause which he proposed to introduce into the measure would be really furthered by such an addition. If an Extradition Treaty is to work at all, it must not contain on the face of it a loophole for the escape of murderers; and words exempting from its provisions an offence which has for its motive "the promotion or prevention of any political object" might easily be stretched to include a large proportion of the

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ject at he prorthered work om its most undoubted cases of assassination. Mr. Mill's suggestion was in some respects an improvement on the proposition of Sir F. Goldsmid; but we should hardly like
to promise immunity to every "offence committed in the
"course or in furtherance of any political movement." We
should of course be bound in consistency to apply the same
rule to an offence committed in opposition to any political movement; and in that case, supposing President Johnson to be
assassinated by some enthusiastic American Radical bent upon
putting a stop to the readmission of the South into the Union. assassinated by some enthusiastic American Radical bent upon putting a stop to the readmission of the South into the Union, the murderer, if arrested in England, might plausibly claim his discharge. His crime would be strictly connected with "a "political movement." The real danger, however, of any clause exempting political offences from the operation of the treaty is that, in avoiding too great vagueness of expression, we might easily err on the side of over-preciseness. It is certainly not desirable in the interest of political refugees to have a too rigid definition of what constitutes a political crime. As it is, rigid definition of what constitutes a political crime. As it is, their surrender is only likely to be demanded when there is a their surrender is only likely to be demanded when there is a primâ facie ground for supposing that they have committed, or attempted to commit, murder. If their answer to this charge involves the plea of the offence being strictly political, they have ample opportunities of raising the question, both in the police court, and, if they fail there, on a writ of habeas corpus in the Queen's Bench. Cases which can be provided for by neither of these methods are hardly likely to be met by a clause exempting political offences as a class from the operation of the treaty. They are, in effect, exempted from it already by virtue of not being included in it; and if English judges can be supposed to be willing to surrender a political refugee on a trumped-up charge of murder, they will certainly be equal to the not more difficult task of deciding that the alleged offence does not come within the terms of the exemption. exemption.

RULING THE WAVES.

"WHEN you have done a fault, be always pert and "injured person; this will immediately put your master or "lady off their mettle." This excellent precept was designed by Swift merely for domestic servants. But there can be no reason why it should not be found equally sound and useful by the servants of the State. What is politic in a chambermaid may be as politic in a Lord of the Admiralty, and a wronged permanent clerk need not blush to borrow a leaf out of the book of a wronged butler. On this ground every man with a mind that can appreciate skilful diplomacy must be charmed at the crafty effrontery of the Admiralty authorities. They came forward last Saturday, in the person of the First Lord, in the interesting and touching position of deeply injured beings. "Justice to the officers of a public de-"partment" is one of the finest cries in the world. The pathos of the position of the unjust steward always makes pathos of the position of the unjust steward always makes pathos of the position of the unjust steward always makes an admirably telling situation. A vixen in tears moves the stoniest heart, and the dignified sorrow of the most outrageously mismanaged of all public departments may touch the bitterest of administrative reformers. The trodden worm turns, and the Admiralty, convicted of every official sin under the sun, meekly reproaches its persecutors. More in sorrow than in anger, it prays for a little justice to be meted to it. Of course the First Lord, though not immediately concerned knows too well that they are all suiling in the same cerned, knows too well that they are all sailing in the same boat to refuse to be the instrument of his subordinates. He may have his own little troubles with them, but as against the public and Mr. Seely they are emphatically one. Even party differences are happily forgotten in order to present an unbroken front to vexatious reformers. The footman may aspire one day to displace the butler, but this does not interfere with their harmonious and chronic conspiracy against the master of the house. The Liberals turned Mr. Seely out of the Admithe house. The Liberals turned Mr. Seelly out of the Admiralty offices when he found out too much of the extravagance, wastefulness, and general imbecility of their proceedings. The Tories are bound in official honour to keep up the policy of their predecessors. Whoever puts on the livery of a groom in the Augean stables puts on with it all the traditions and manners of the stables. He takes the place with all its engagements. It was hoped, by sanguine believers in the possibility, under certain circumstances, of washing the Ethiopian and making the leopard change his spots, that the newcomers might take up a new line. If the Tories like to become administrative reformers, it was said, they may turn the whole tide of opinion irresistibly in their they may turn the whole tide of opinion irresistibly in their favour, and retain office as long as they choose. We see how fond and foolish such hopes were. The leopard refuses to

change his spots. Sir John Pakingron has taken his stand at the door of the Admiralty, and with suave obstinacy has shown himself prepared to do steady battle for the good old English cause of wasteful expenditure, slovenly accounts, unintelligible balance sheets, and entire and complete inefficiency. Whatever reform is effected will be, he pretty plainly lets us see, in the teeth of himself and his subordinates. Mr. SELLY, who deserves more entitled and convergement than he is see, in the teeth of himself and his subordinates. Mr. SEELY, who deserves more gratitude and encouragement than he is likely to get for his persevering assault on this noisome citadel of national enemies, wished to lay before the First Lord his various figures and statements, so that they might be investigated before being brought before the House. Incredible as it seems to people who labour under the delusion that a highspirited common sense is a quality of all prominent officials, Sir John Pakington declined Mr. Seely's offer. Instead of doing his best to help in the task of letting some daylight into the Admiralty, the new chief vows that darkness is better, and that no attempts at improvement shall find any aid from him. This would suffice, if anything were wanting, to show the error of those writers who keep calling out for the exercise of a more stringent and effective check by the House of Commons. You cannot exercise a stringent supervision without knowing the facts. Neither the House collectively, nor the most energetic and interested individual member, is permitted to have any chance of ascertaining the facts. Even granting that the various details and plans were of a kind over which a large deliberative body could really have any check, the details are not there. My Lords do what they choose, and leave undone what they choose, and a rollicking official like Lord Clarence Paget, or a solemn Minister like the present First Lord, can equally keep the House in the dark. that no attempts at improvement shall find any aid from him. equally keep the House in the dark.

But the official attitude was more than usually offensive and intolerable on this occasion. If things were all well with us, the Minister might with more decency have snubbed and thwarted Mr. Seelly, and declared that matters might be worse. But things are not well with us. We do not know how things could be worse or more utterly disgracenot know how things could be worse or more utterly disgraceful with us. We are now at the end of a period of seven years
during which the Admiralty has been turning over a new
leaf, has been busy in reconstructing the British navy, has
been expending vast sums of money, has been raising our
marine to the very height of efficiency and glory. For seven
years we have been spending ten, eleven, or twelve millions a
year. And what have we got for our seventy or eighty
millions? The same Minister who a few minutes later stood
up as the representative of a maligned department was obliged
to confess that the reserves are "by no means in a satisfactory
"condition—not indeed in such a state as he had a right to "condition—not indeed in such a state as he had a right to
"find them—so much so that the Admiralty have great
difficulty in finding relief for the ships that return from
foreign service." This is what our great naval reformers,
our new blood, our energetic and vigorous reconstruction, our
long Parliament revisions and respectively. our new blood, our energetic and vigorous reconstruction, our long Parliamentary discussions, our seventy or eighty millions of money, have done for us. This is the end of all the noisy praise that was lavished on the Duke of Somerser, and all the genial sympathy that was won by Lord Clarence Pager's charming frankness, and all the millions of pounds that have found their way to the bottom of the sea, for all that can be discovered of them. The skine at the resent available in the rediscovered of them. The ships at present available in the rediscovered of them. The ships at present available in the reserves for immediate service are so few that the First Lord is ashamed to furnish a list of them. So our reformers have not been reforming at all; our reconstructors have not been reconstructing at all; the talk in the House of Commons has been no better than whistling down the wind; the money has disappeared. If this is what seven years of reform and enlightened activity have achieved, how much worse off should we have been if the money had never been voted, if the Board had remained in its old state of obstinacy and imbedity, and if Lord Clarence Pager had been in the Mediterraneous all the time instead of talking hig in the House Mediterranean all the time, instead of talking big in the House of Commons? The Psalmist declares it to be the consequence of Goo's anger when He selleth His people for nought and doth not increase His wealth by their price. This is the kind of fruitless, naked, uncompensated destruction and waste for which we seem to have bargained with the national servants which we seem to have bargained with the national servants at the Admiralty. Every inventor knows that all the mechanical obstacles which his genius has overcome are trifling compared with those which the stupidity and stubbornness of the Board will inevitably and ceaselessly oppose. Every economist knows that complex accounts, and the incompetency of dockyard superintendents, and masses of wornout routine may be mastered with perseverance, and wrought into shape, if it were not for the Board, whose single virtue of resolute consistency is more mischisyous than all its vices. of resolute consistency is more mischievous than all its vices. It would be unreasonably sanguine to suppose that even

the unsurpassedly disgraceful state of things announced by the First Lord will rouse any proper indignation. The apathy with which the House listened is a reflection of the apathy with which the House listened as a pathy with which the country seems to listen. We have all turned believers in the great god Chance. The grand turned believers in the great god We trust to principle of happy-go-lucky rules the day. We trust to the great god Chance not to stir up any great Power to attack us; and in case any great Power should pick a quarrel with us, we, with the same equanimity, trust to the great god Chance to save us somehow. The truth is that the very idea of responsibility is dead and buried. If the army goes wrong, the Horse Guards blame the War Office, and the War Office blames the Horse Guards. If the Admiralty goes wrong — and it has never done anything else within the memory of man — we are referred to the Board. And a Board, we know, as Bentham said, is a screen. Nobody is answerable for anything. How can the House of Commons pretend to keep a check on the doings of such a body? What can the House do for which the Board will care two straws? My Lords would go on sitting if foreign troops were marching down Parliament Street. What would become of Mr. Laird's dockyard and his annual profits if he were to govern it, not in person, but by a committee? Every sensible and unbiassed man in England admits that what we need at the head of the Admiralty is a responsible Minister. The theory of the present system is that a number of incapable men become something different from incapable. As a matter of fact, they only become more incapable by association. At all events, the urgent danger of the system which, after all that has been done for it, leaves us in the condition described by Sir John PAKINGTON, would justify the experiment of changing a Board of incompetent and practically irresponsible men for one able and responsible Minister. The only wise thing to do, if the Board cannot be shaken off our shoulders by any means, is to abandon the pretence of having a navy at all. This would be a saving of ten millions a year, and we should hardly be any the worse off in power of defence.

LEGISLATION FOR IRELAND.

THE termination of the Session has been consistent with its beginning. It began, under a Whig Government, with the suspension of the habeas corpus in Ireland; it ends, under a Conservative Government, with a re-enactment of this suspension. As Mr. Bernal Osborne remarked in the Commons' debate, the form of this proceeding is stereotyped.
At different intervals it becomes "the painful duty" of the Ministry to introduce an Act which deprives Ireland of the constitutional privileges which are enjoyed by England. The process has been repeated nine times since the Union. It is too signal a weakness to escape the sarcasms of foreign, or the denunciations of domestic, critics. It conveniently points the condemnation at once of our honesty, our generosity, and our capacity. We are represented as treating our Irish subjects with such illiberality that we cannot trust them with the same civil rights as ourselves, and are thus reduced to the fitful remedy of occasional repression in order to redress the infirmity of normal misgovernment. Then come in the well-known illustrations government. Then come in the well-known illustrations of a dominant Church, an absentee proprietary, and a recalcitrant and persecuted tenantry. "Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true. Ireland seems to exist for the special benefit of patriotic phrasemongers and seditious journalists. If it supplies nothing else, it supplies contrasts and antitheses without end. Among the latest is one which, obvious as it is now, has been equally obvious on former occasions. While we are curtailing the legal privileges of the people, we are assured that never was crime so rare, or the assizes so light, in Ireland as now. Unfortunately, also, we are assured, and we have every reason to believe, that what is popularly termed crime has nothing to do with the state of things which calls for this repetition of repressive measures.

That these measures are necessary, no one can doubt. On the testimony of every one connected either with the present or with the late Government, no room is left for doubt. Lord Kimberley and Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraell, are agreed on this point. The great bulk of the artisan class is profoundly disaffected. The disaffection has its root in Irish soil, but it is watered, tended, and fostered by foreign or quasi-foreign hands. Had not very vigorous measures been adopted, the whole class of tenant-farmers would have long ago followed the artisans; and had a rising once commenced in earnest, the Government would have had to contend at once with farmers and mechanics—in fact, with two-thirds of the male population of Ireland, and with such auxiliaries as could

have been recruited from native and Irish Americans. To suppose that the organization which was rapidly taking form among the disaffected could be checked by the ordinary course of law would have been simply absurd. One powerful element of sedition, the American element, could not have been touched by it. To apply ordinary legal process to this political disease would have been like applying one of the mildest prescriptions of the Family Doctor to a virulent cholera or or ther epidemic. That the political malady was itself of the worst type, we may gather, not merely from Lord Derby or Lord Kimberley, but even from Mr. Bernal Osborne, who, while he twits the Ministry with the coarseness of their remedies, supplies them with the best excuse for their application, by informing the House that it remedies are likely as the state of their application, by informing the House that it remedies are likely as the state of the stat application, by informing the House that it was not a mere turbulent sedition with which they had to contend, but a communistic revolution against the laws and holders of Irish property. In England we are all apt to imagine that Irishmen cannot feel any other grievances than English grievances, and that what would be grievances in England are necessarily and that what would be grievances in England are necessarily regarded as grievances in Ireland. And we go over in our minds the sort of things which we know would most try and tease ourselves. We should not like to see a Roman Catholic Church established amongst us, and paid by us, for the edification of a small Romanist minority; therefore we conclude that the Protestant Establishment must be a yoke and torment to the Romanist majority whose lands (or their landlords' lands) are charged with its support. In the same way, our notion is that Parliamentary representation cures all political ailments; therefore we infer that justice to Ireland means more members of Parliament for Ireland. In all these fancies we studiously ignore facts; we take no note of the history and the characteristics of the people with whom we have to deal. They care nothing for Parliamentary franchises; they care very little for the Established Church, or, indeed, for the unestablished Church. What a large number of them do care for is the removal of the whole body of the landed proprietors, and the division of the land among themselves. Failing this, they would like to see a new tenure introduced, and their own interest in the land put on a level with that of the nominal proprietors. They would like to bequeath this interest to their children, and their children's children, until every wretched holding of four or five acres was held by four or five irremoveable beggar-tenants, as it was in the days of the forty-shilling freeholders. This is, after all, the object of the Fenian organization, and the meaning of Irish sedition. It is to get rid of the English relation of landlord and tenant, and to substitute in its place a system more in accordance with Celtic traditions and aspirations. It is useless to argue against the scheme-to denounce its injustice, or the injury which it would inflict even on its votaries. The ears and the senses of those to whom we speak are dull and dead to all such arguments. The passion to repossess themselves of the land of which they profess to believe themselves to have been cheated dominates over every other desire. They have some dim traditions of a time when the Celtic tribes held all the land in common, when rents and landlords were unknown; and they have persuaded themselves that it would be a good and wise thing to reconvert the Ireland of this day into the Ireland of that dark age.

That such a project should enlist the sympathies of some hundreds of thousands who feel the payment of rent to be an irksome ceremony, and of others whose brief experience of American citizenship is associated with the ownership of land without the burden of rent, is not unnatural. That those who engage in it should deem this adventure likely to succeed, despite the failure of others which united in their prosecution men of every rank and class, is only consistent with what we know of the ignorance of many, and the hopefulness of all, Irishmen. But that, because so large a portion of the Irish people wish to revolutionize the whole law of property, therefore the English Government should connive at their purpose, or at their plan of effecting it, by an indulgent apathy, is neither natural nor reasonable. It is barely possible to conceive the notion of the queer jumble which must precede the construction of an Irish Republic; but, if one does succeed in mastering this conception, one cannot fail to see that it involves the utter prostration of English power, and the utter dislocation of the whole gear of English Government. That England—which, with only ten millions of inhabitants, hampered by a French war, and weakened by a domestic mutiny, yet managed to defeat the machinations of Irish rebels led by men of name and birth—should now, with twenty millions of inhabitants, at peace with all the world, and with no intestine disaffection save

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th eace that of the London roughs, fail to suppress a Fenian rising planned by cottiers and mechanics, is an idea so humiliating that no sensible Englishman will entertain it for a moment. The presence of a foreign element in the concoction of the treason might cause an incidental embarrassment, but it could not make the immediate task more difficult or less urgent. If necessary, the foreign must be seized along with the native instigators of sedition. If they mix themselves in the strife as the subjects of a neutral State, they must take the consequences which the law of nations awards to men who are at the same time disloyal to the country of their birth and of their domicile. We forbear to consider the alternative probability that those who have been so busy in drilling the Fenian levies are the pioneers of an auxiliary army to be supplied by the Government of the United States. However heavy may be the exactions of party tactics, and however necessary the support of the Irish vote, we hesitate to believe that any American Administration will ever dream of going to war with England on behalf of the Irish Republic. Even if our hopes of this neutrality were disappointed, we should not retract the doctrine which we have advanced. The most vigorous measures would be required, and would be used, to meet the enemies of England in Ireland, whether they are the children of the soil alone, or reinforced by foreign aid.

But, it is asked, is this always to be the strain? Always But, it is asked, is this always to be the strain? Always repression and coercion? Unfortunately, the answer to this question does not depend solely upon England. It depends upon the conduct of Irishmen. If they rebel or plan rebellion, they must expect the severities which rebellion involves. But, it is replied by many, it is only misgovernment which produces normal disaffection. The authority of Mr. Fox is undoubtedly high, and is highest in the estimation of the undoubtedly high, and is highest in the estimation of true Whigs. Were we disposed to be personal, the retort that the most frequent measures of coercion have been adopted by most frequent measures of coercion have been adopted by Whig Administrations would be as obvious as true. But it would be utterly unmeaning as applied to the real difficulties of the case. It is not of misgovernment, in the ordinary sense of the word, that the Fenians complain; it is of government altogether; it is that they have to submit to English laws and English customs. No remedial measures, as Mr. Bernal Osborne truly said, will be of any use—short, indeed, of handing Ireland over bodily to a Committee composed of tenant-farmers, engine-makers, journeymen coach-builders, and journeymen tailors, with journeymen coach-builders, and journeymen tailors, with a sprinkling of a few traitorous non-commissioned officers of the Queen's army, and a few captains and colonels of one or other of the American armies. Short of this, nothing is likely to satisfy the discontented. But, without nothing is likely to satisfy the discontented. But, without this, the mass of Irishmen may be happy and contented enough. Despite the incessant agitation of years—agitation which has paralysed trade and exiled capital—Ireland has increased in wealth and produce. She has had risings and revolts, extraordinary assizes and suspensions of the habeas corpus, strikes which have killed flourishing industries in their vigorous prime; yet she has grown in prosperity within the last thirty years. How much more she might have thriven is best known to those Irishmen who are aware of the amount of money which fears of insurrection and civil war have wafted to England. Through all her disasters and all her fears a certain number of Irishmen have continued to buy and manufacture and sell at a profit, and Belfast has shown what other cities might do with a like spirit and no greater advantages. It is, after all, by the slow and steady course of commercial adventure and manufacturing industry that Ireland will win her growth in wealth and her emancipation from will win her growth in wealth and her emancipation from these fits of sedition which make her a pest to herself and to us; it is not by the sacrifice of her Church, which the Fenians are not good Catholics enough to detest, nor by such a redistribution of land as within three generations would reduce every occupier of the soil to a level not yet reached even by Irish pauperism. By this time every thoughtful Irish patriot who has anything to lose must have discovered that it is more for his interest to coax English capital into his country. more for his interest to coax English capital into his country by peaceful industry than to defy the English Government by conspiracy and threats. And he must see that his own fortunes depend upon the suppression of conspiracy and treason.

THE GUILDHALL MEETING.

In many respects the Guildhall meeting convened by the League advantageously compares with the Islington assemblage. But as these demonstrations become fine by degrees and beautifully less, they are less lively. Dulness must be fatal to demonstrations; for it is, after all, noise

and extravagance that make a demonstration popular, and the mere brute and material element cheers and enlivens. If an audience simply collects in vast masses, it is rather in favour of the meeting that nothing can be heard. The unknown proverbially becomes the magnificent, and the eloquence which is not heard, or, as at the Agricultural Hall, not even uttered, is sure to tell. At the Guildhall most of the orators were audible, and it can scarcely be said that Mr. Mason Jones and Mr. Beales improve upon a hearing. There are some speakers who should only be listened to by the eye; vehement gesture, a rolling but inarticulate voice, and an argumentative force of arm are the strong points of the most popular oratory. Whitfeld, anywhere but in a field or on a hill side, was tameness itself; and the reporters are the enemies of all but the most exceptional demagogues. Mr. Beales seems to have repeated on Wednesday the same speech which he delivered at Islington and Sheffield, and Mr. Jones's oration about "beauteous and wronged Italy" did not suit what we are glad to mark as the good taste of those to whom he poured out his frothy nonsense. The chief incongruity of the whole affair was the place in which the assemblage was held. The Guildhall of a city is the place of meeting of the citizens, and the archæological knowledge displayed in the Common Council and the reference to the folk-mote show that, wherever else the workingmen might assemble, the Guildhall was not the place for them. They had the sense to see this, and, regarding themselves as guests, they did not invite any Parliamentary celebrities; and it may be assumed that the London bankers, merchants, tradesmen, and Councillors stayed away on purpose to give the working-men a clear stage. Indeed, of all classes, the business men of the City of London have least reason to complain of insufficient representation in Parliament, as a vote for the City is gained by the occupation, without residence, of a single room used as an office or chamber. With the excepti

Passing over poor Mr. Beales's usual frenzied vituperation of the Times newspaper, the chief speaker of the meeting was Mr. George Potter. Experienced, voluble, and with something to say, the Secretary of the Trades' Unions said it very well. His statistics are partly doubtful and altogether irrelevant. But a long row of figures, especially if it ranges among millions, and is symmetrical and easy to be remembered, tells. Yet somehow or other the suspicion presents itself that Mr. Potter's figures, like those which some critics note as a peculiarity in the Pentateuch, are too round, too complete, and too convenient for the memory to be perfectly reliable. A faint haze of doubtful authenticity hangs about them; and, knowing how difficult and expensive it is to get accurate returns on such matters, we should like to be told how Mr. Potter has ascertained that the exact number of unenfranchised persons is 6,000,000, and what access he has had to the accounts of all the Provident Societies in England which enables him to give their assets at precisely the round and memorable sum of 6,000,000. Six millions is the figure which recurs in Mr. Potter's oratory as often as forty years in the Jewish annals; for, according to him, this typical amount represents something—we are not told whether capital or profits—belonging to the co-operative societies, which is again set down as "6,000,000. annually." Mr. Potter further tells us that the amount of wages paid in this country extends to an annual 400,000,000. It may be so; and Mr. Potter may have the materials in his desk to verify this prodigious numeral. But a paper in the Statistical Journal, giving us his data and explaining what he means by wages and where he draws his lines, would be a very valuable contribution to a literature which is not without its difficulties and obscurities. Mr. Potter was perhaps right in leaving this stupendous array of figures to do its work, without troubling himself to show any logical connection between all these vast sums and the resoluti

Savings' Bank suffrage, to a Friendly Society vote, or to some other fancy franchise, but certainly not, by any reasoning process, to the ballot. Mr. Gladstone's flesh-and-blood and fellow-Christian argument would have suited Mr. Potter's resolution; but figures and tables are his data, and in the Lord Mayor's presence he could hardly have repeated the whole of the ex-Minister's justification for that universal suffrage which at present he shrinks from advocating. That there is a value in Mr. Potter's argument may be conceded; its fault is that it is totally inapplicable, if not rather fatal, to his thesis. We are doing him no injustice in believing that he knew this as well as we do; but he showed his skill in influencing those whom he addressed when he trusted rather to the sound than to the value of his elaborate exercises in numeration. The larger the proofs of the intelligence and independence of the artisan, the weaker becomes the argument for the ballot; and the more you accumulate the evidences of the stake which the working-man has in the country, the less cogent becomes the physiological argument derived from the consideration of identity in all human blood molecules and flesh tissues.

From Mr. George Potter the descent to Messrs. Conolly and ODGERS was rapid—the one with his maladroit reference to JACK CADE, and the other, considering who occupied the chair, with his sneer at Mr. DISRAELI'S ancestors. taste, however, of Mr. BRADLAUGH, a name somewhat familiar at these meetings, in protesting against Mr. Mason Jones's suggestion of a resolution praying for the dismissal of Lord Derry, on the ground of its discourtesy, redeemed this part of the proceedings; and on the whole we are not disposed to deny that, if people like such a mode of spending an evening and listening to what at the worst is but platitude, and that somewhat threadbare, it amounts to a question mainly of taste. the working-man can have worse associates the Hyde Park meeting shows; that he can have worse advisers may be doubtful in the presence of Mr. MASON JONES; that he can or will rise superior to these sinister influences and inconvenient friends remains to be seen. If the Guildhall meeting is to be taken as the type of the promised autumn and winter agitation, it may be assumed that its dulness will hardly recommend its moderation. At present, we are wholly in the dark as to the connection of the commonplaces urged at these meetings. It is galloping-ground for the speakers when they have to abuse Sir Richard Mayne, or Mr. Knox, or the Times; but the day soon comes when the fierce (or, if so be, the gentle) democracy can no longer be wielded at will by fervid denunciations of the Tories generally and the Adullamites specifically. What we want to know is, why the Leaguers inscribe Mr. Gladstone's name on their banners; or which and what Mr. Gladstone is it that they cheer for? Is it the Mr. GLADSTONE of flesh-and-blood suffrage notoriety, or the Mr. GLADSTONE who last week denounced a 51. rating franchise as an extreme doctrine, and disclaimed with more than his usual vehemence the charge of having ever leant to this extension of the franchise as the most "gross and palpable "injustice" to him and his party? No doubt the Leaguers, at least the sensible ones among them, are ready to hedge. They speak with toleration, and even respect, of Lord DERBY; but it is impossible to say why they cheer Lord Russell. The late Reform Bill no more embodied the Chartist formulæ than did Lord Derby's. There is, of course, no calculating on the CYNTHIA of politics. Two or three months ago Mr. GLADSTONE was all for something more than even manhood suffrage. Mr. STUART MILL only proposes to enfranchise a lass with a tocher; but the flesh-and-blood qualification can scarcely exclude any of the better sex. At present Mr. GLADSTONE is against even a 5l. rating qualification, but that is no proof that six months hence, and after that course of South Lancashire sudorifics which he has prescribed to himself, he may not be for the ballot itself. As to Earl Russell, if he was not half asleep when he wrote to Mr. Hugessen, he has, in the bracing atmosphere of Richmond Lodge and of Opposition, already digested a 5l. franchise, and will probably, as the weather cools, not refuse manhood suffrage. But, as things stand at the prorogation of Parliament, there is not the slightest link of principle between the Leaguers and the late Government. To be consistent, the monster meetings which are promised must not only petition Her Majerry to dismiss her present advisers, but to call Mr. Potter to the Exchequer, Mr. Beales to the Home Office, Mr. Mason Jones to the Foreign Office, and to find a Demogorgon or a philosopher for Premier. Whatever may be said of the Hyde Park policy, the Guildhall pro-gramme is too limp for six months' wear and tear.

THE SESSION.

It seems strange that the Session which has now closed should be the same Session as that which began with the election of a Speaker and the swearing in of a new Parliament. All that formal beginning seems so far away now, and the new Parliament seems so old. These few months have seen so much. At the beginning of February, it was believed that a great measure of Reform would be proposed and probably carried, that Mr. Gladstone was leader of the Commons with a majority of seventy to back him, and that Austria was a great military Power. Fond illusions! No great measure of Reform has been proposed, and the little measure that has been proposed has not been carried; Mr. Gladstone is in Opposition because he quarrelled with his own party; and Austria has utterly collapsed in a war. The history of the Session is really scarcely anything but the history of this break-down of the Reform Bill and of the Russell Ministry. Scarcely any other important measure has even been brought forward, and the change of Ministry has been necessarily fatal to some proposals that might have been beneficial. Still it is not absolutely true that no other subject except the great subject of Reform has occupied the attention of Parliament. There have been questions that from time to time have excited some interest, and it may be as well to recapitulate briefly the chief of these questions, and to give a sketch of the Session apart from Reform, before entering on the eventful history of the unhappy measure which has dragged down a Ministry in its fall, and has left behind it so many bitter memories and so many deep regrets.

Ireland may be said to have begun the Session and to have ended it. The late Government had to apply, immediately on the opening of Parliament, for the power to arrest suspicious persons which is popularly called a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; and the present Government has had, before proroguing Parliament, to ask that this extraordinary power may be continued. The action of the English Government has fortunately become successful see for as the removal of the immediate be continued. The action of the English Government has fortunately been successful, so far as the removal of the immediate
danger goes. Fenianism is for the moment scotched, if not killed;
and, with the assistance of the Government of the United States,
and, which the leaders of all parties have expressed a proper
recognition in Parliament, the mad attempt of the Fenians on
Canada has been entirely baffled. But no one can doubt, who is Canada has been entirely baffled. But no one can doubt, who is not eaten up with Protestant prejudices, that Ireland is as great a difficulty to England as it ever was; and more especially it is and will be a great difficulty to the present Government. Lord Derby, on announcing the policy of his Cabinet, took occasion to observe that in Ireland he would strive to throw more power than they have hitherto enjoyed into the hands of the gentry. If he unfortunately keeps his word, he will aggravate all the evils he has to encounter. There is a real difference in the policy of the two great parties in the State towards Ireland—a more real and vital difference, perhaps, than separates them on any other question. At the beginning of the Session, Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill dwelt on the wrongs of Ireland in a manner which their friends thought eloquent, pathetic, and convincing, and which their the beginning of the Session, Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill dwelt on the wrongs of Ireland in a manner which their friends thought eloquent, pathetic, and convincing, and which their enemies thought declamatory, and in execrable taste. Mr. Gladstone, in the opinion of the latter, failed to rebuke them as he ought. He let it be seen that he thought Ireland had great grievances, that he believed a bold Government could do much to mitigate or redress these grievances, and that he himself was profoundly dissatisfied with the whole existing relations of England to Ireland; and Lord Kimberley, at the end of the Session, expresses similar views at much length and with abundant emphasis. But Lord Naas, speaking for the new Government, says that the disaffection of Ireland has nothing whatever to do with religious or agricultural grievances. Lord Derby says that, if Ireland will not be quiet, the only thing is to strengthen the hands of the landowners. Mr. Disraeli told his constituents at Aylesbury that all that was wanted was something that would stop emigration—a remark which, if uttered by a man of humbler Parliamentary position, would have drawn on the speaker the ridicule he would have deserved. Meanwhile, all that has been done is to make a loan to the Irish Railway Companies from the Imperial Treasury—a measure threatening very dangerous consequences, although doing very slight good. The change of Ministry was fatal to the measure in which Mr. Chichester Fortescue proposed to deal with the Irish land question a little more boldly than any of his predecessors. England may have shown, in the past Session, as in other Sessions, that she has the best possible intentions towards Ireland, but this is all. Nothing has been done, and the entrance on office of the Derby Ministry was signalized by a recklessness in the jobbery of legal offices which Lord Derby found himself powerless to prevent. It was literally because the Times, in so many words, countermanded the appointment that Lord Derby did not add to his other Irish mis Lord Derby did not add to his other Irish mistakes the astonishing error of sending Lord John Manners to Dublin as Lord-Lieutenant. It is evidently the opinion of the Derby Cabinet that any one will do to govern and to judge in Ireland, that there are no Irish questions, and that a little more glorification of the landowners will make anything right that is wrong. But while we are blaming the present Government in regard to Ireland, we must not dismiss the subject without calling to remembrance the most indefensible conduct of the late Government in prefeiting its pledge to Parliament not to take any step ment in forfeiting its pledge to Parliament not to take any step in the matter of the Queen's University without giving the House an opportunity of expressing its opinion. There was not a shadow

of excuse for what was done. It was very bad, and that is all that can be said.

that can be said.

The measures for the repression of the Cattle Plague which were devised by the Government, or forced on them by the Opposition, have proved successful, and we need now only recall the history of the debates on the subject because they were marked by some incidents of a more than special importance. It was in the conduct of these measures that the weakness of the Government was first revealed, and it was seen that they had not so great a command over the House as was expected. In these debates, too, Mr. Mill first showed the power he was to exercise in Parliament, as Mr. Gladstone owned that he was at once convinced by a train of reasoning on which Mr. Mill insisted. These debates further showed that the landowners, when acting as a class, are almost irresistible, and that, like every other class, they are, debates further showed that the landowners, when acting as a class, are almost irresistible, and that, like every other class, they are, when frightened, unscrupulous, and when victorious, domineering; nor can it be doubted that some of the bitterness which marked the discussion of the Reform Bill had been already stirred up in the discussion of the measures to repress the Cattle Disease. Later on in the Session, the present Government has taken on from its predecessors, and has carried forward with vigour and determination, other Bills affecting the welfare of English society. The Dablis Health Bill will, it may be hoped, do something to arrest the predecessors, and has carried forward with vigour and determination, other Bills affecting the welfare of English society. The Public Health Bill will, it may be hoped, do something to arrest the spread of cholera, and the provisions of the Reformatory and Industrial Schools Bills are at any rate in conformity with the opinions of those most qualified to pronounce a judgment. The dreadfulrevelations of the neglect and ill-treatment under which the poor suffer when on the sick-list of workhouses aroused general indignation, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy has a great opportunity before him of doing vast good and acquiring deserved fame. Lord Derby says Mr. Hardy is the right man in the right place, and we will hope it may be so. That he declined to act precipitately, and to apply for new powers to Parliament before he knew what he can do at present, was certainly a good sign as far as it went. At one time it seemed as if the old vexed question of Church-rates was to have been solved this Session, as, for the first time, it passed into the hands of the Government; and, as Mr. Gladstone took charge of the measure, it might have been supposed that those who think him a good Liberal might trust that he would concede enough to Dissenters, and that those who think him a good Churchman might trust that he would take good enough care of the Church. Had he remained Minister, and had he been on decent terms of amity with his party, he would in all probability have carried his Bill. But his Bill fell with him; had he been on decent terms of amity with his party, he would in all probability have carried his Bill. But his Bill fell with him; all probability have carried his Bill. But his Bill fell with him; and he had already shown that on Church questions he was not so much separated from his party as doubtful whether he ought to separate himself or not. The majority by which Mr. Coleridge's University Bill was supported was unusually large, and there was more definiteness and unity of Liberal feeling in regard to this Bill than on any other occasion during the Session. Mr. Gladstone spoke against the Bill, but he would not vote against it.

against it.

The announcement of the Budget was made later in the Session than usual, but its contents had been in some measure anticipated in the discussion of Mr. White's motion with regard to excessive and unnecessary taxation, and by the debate on the Malt-tax. It was in the debate on the Malt-tax that Mr. Mill, for the first time, introduced Mr. Jevons and his calculations to the notice of the House. Mr. Gladstone took up the idea, and took it up with his usual warmth. All our coal would be burnt in a calculable and comparatively limited time. We should then be very poor; but although we could not hope to provide posterity with more coal than exists, we could leave it a clear field, and pay off the National than exists, we could leave it a clear field, and pay off the National Debt while we have still coal to give us money for the purpose. Mr. Gladstone proposed to bind Parliament, by a most complicated scheme of Terminable Annuities in connection with the Savings Banks' deposits, to provide a yearly sum towards the repayment of the National Debt. That this was a Sinking Fund under a very slight disguise was evident, and the proposition met with very little favour, although Mr. Gladstone would probably have had his way if he had remained in office. But a new Government came into office, and was very clad to divert the surplus destined for the renayment. although Mr. Gladstone would probably have had his way if he had remained in office. But a new Government came into office, and was very glad to divert the surplus destined for the repayment of the National Debt to the far more pressing and interesting purpose of araning our troops with breech-loaders. All financial discussions during the last three months have been over-clouded by the calamitous crisis through which the monetary world of England has been passing. It has been a year of ruin and desolation to thousands, and a year of anxiety, misery, and hard pressure to tens of thousands. The late Government did its best, by its letter to the Bank, to relieve the existing distress. But the evil was too deep to be easily remedied, and Lord Clarendon, by his well-meant letter assuring foreigners there was no ground for alarm, created in some measure the alarm he intended to dispel. Mr. Watkin, towards the end of the Session, called the attention of the House to the operation of the Bank Act; but he had no practical remedy or change to suggest, and could devise nothing but the issuing of a new Commission, the inutility of which was demonstrated beyond dispute by Sir Stafford Northcote in an excellent and telling speech. Capitalists must be left to repent of the mistakes they have made. Every one cannot expect to be as lucky as the holders of Irish Railway debentures. Lord Redesdale has, however, tried to do something towards checking the schemes which have produced the late panic and the present embarrassment. He has induced the House of Lords to adopt a new set of Standing Orders, the avowed

object of which is to stifle in the outset all projects for railways which are not promoted by rich men. The policy of the new Orders, even in their present shape, is very doubtful, as they are too favourable to the big Companies, which call every provision for public convenience an unfair competition with their interests. But in the shape in which Lord Redesdale originally framed his Orders the country would have been placed entirely at the mercy of the big Companies, who would have settled arbitrarily, and without appeal, whether the inhabitants of large districts should ever see a locomotive.

Troubled as have been the affairs of the Continent, the foreign

Troubled as have been the affairs of the Continent, the fore Troubled as have been the affairs of the Continent, the larging relations of England have been very smooth during the last six months. They have not raised much discussion in Parliament, and so much are both sides of each House practically agreed on the main features of our foreign policy that, although Mr. Disraeli had very recently gone out of his way to make a bitter and unprovoked attack on Lord Clarendon, yet, when Lord Derby had to form a Cabinet, he was very anxious that Lord Clarendon should continue to hold the seals of the Foreign Office. Clarendon should continue to hold the seals of the Foreign Office. Lord Stanley has shown that he is quite as likely to succeed as Lord Clarendon could have been; and as the chief duty of a Foreign Secretary at present is to hold his tongue and leave his pen alone as much as possible, all that is wanted is that the Foreign Secretary should be a man of that cast and weight of character which inspires a conviction that if occasion arose he would venture, not only to speak and to write, but also to act. The speeches of Lord Stratford de Redellife on Lord Cadegan's motion, and of Sir George Bowyer and, in a minor degree, of Mr. Horsman in the debate on foreign affairs which was raised when Lord Stanley entered on office, show that there are Englishmen who retain the old prejudices in favour of an active and even retrograde foreign policy which were in fashion some years ago. But speeches like these do not affect English public opinion at all. It is as true after as it was before them that we wish to leave other nations alone when honour will permit us to do so, at all. It is as true after as it was before them that we wish to leave other nations alone when honour will permit us to do so, and that, in Mr. Gladstone's words, the cause of Italy is dear to the people of England. Happily, we have been on terms of more than ordinary friendship with the only nation that need inspire us with the fear of a quarrel. The Alabama dispute has gone to sleep, and if the Americans thought themselves wronged they heaped coals of fire on our heads by their loyal behaviour in the Fenian crisis. Mr. Watkin failed to convince the House that we had any cause for alarm either in the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty, or in the presence of American ships of war on the Northern fishing grounds. Mr. Gregory raised the very interesting question whether we should not best prepare for a war with such a Power as the United States by endeavouring to establish as a rule of international law that private property should be free from capture at sea; and the speeches of Mr. Laing and Sir Roundell Palmer exhausted all that could be said for or against the proposed change. Perhaps the bombardment of Valparaiso, and the accounts given of the indifference with which a minor Power like Spain received the protests or warnings of England and France, Spain received the protests or warnings of England and France, may have contributed to establish the belief that, as the world goes, it is useless to set up a theory of law to which, in the rough necessities and practices of actual warfare, no attention is

goes, it is useless to set up a theory of law to which, in the rough necessities and practices of actual warfare, no attention is likely to be paid.

India has contributed little to the Sessional subjects of discussion, and there is nothing to notice with regard to it except that Lord Cranborne's speeches on the Budget and on the claims of the military officers showed how very much an able and hardworking man can get up about India in a short time. Lord Carnarvon made a wise and judicious speech on Jamaica; but otherwise he has had little to do or to say since he succeeded Mr. Cardwell, except to own that he is as much puzzled as every one else as to the actual and as to the desirable status of Colonial Bishops. Nor did any difference of opinion separate the two political parties on the question of Jamaica. The Report of the Commissioners left little for the Government to do, and no important matters of fact undecided. Mr. Eyre has been heavily punished by his dismissal, and there was no ground either to impeach him or to try him for murder. Even if he has been guilty of acts that the law might regard as murder, the feeling that this was a mere piece of bad legal phraseology would be so prevalent that no good effect could be produced by bringing him to trial for murder. No doubt, considered in the abstract and apart from all the circumstances of the case, it is true, as Mr. Mill urges, that the precedent would be most dangerous were it considered to be established that an officer is to get off scot free from all legal penalties when he acts with bona fides, although he may have put English subjects to death in an illegal and unnecessary way. But such matters are not to be judged of theoretically, and in Mr. Eyre's case common sense tells us that what is wanted is, not to punish him, or to establish an abstract principle, but to provide against mistakes such as his in future. And we hope that this may be effected if Lord Carnarvon frames with success the general instructions to Colonial Governors which he propos

the statistics were printed on which it was supposed to be based, Mr. Gladstone introduced the Bill; and it was then found that the advice of Mr. Bright had been taken, and that the Government was bent on carrying only half a Bill; and then began the long series of discussions—so bitter, so warm, so protracted, and yet so highly creditable to the reputation of the Parliament in the long series of discussions—so bitter, so warm, so protracted, and yet so highly creditable to the reputation of the Parliament in which the battle was fought—whether this scheme of dealing with Reform by halves should be tolerated. Lord Grosvenor gave notice of his resolution that Reform should be treated as a whole. The Cave of Adullam was opened, and it became evident that those who flocked there were men of no mean abilities, standing, and reputation. Parliament adjourned for the Easter recess, and Mr. Bright took the opportunity to enliven and envenom the discussion by a very violent letter and some very strong speeches; and Mr. Gladstone attempted to quicken the public appetite for Reform, and interest in it, by displays of his most fervid eloquence to provincial audiences. But the whole force of argument was against the Government, and all they could do was to explain that their measure was only intended to decoy the House into voting by halves what it would never vote as a whole. At length, on the 21st of April, a bare majority of five in one of the largest divisions known in Parliamentary annals decided that the Bill should be read a second time. This was a very small encouragement to go on, yet the Government wisely decided that it would persevere, but that it would bring in a complete measure in order to satisfy the unmistakeable wish of the House and the public. It was evident that there was a general wish that a Reform Bill of some sort should, if possible, be carried. There had been much exaggeration of language on both sides in the previous debates. Mr. Lowe had spoken with a very galling contempt of the working-classes, or had at least used words which were generally interpreted to mean that this was his feeling, and red-hot Tories like General Peel had denied that Parliament had done any good since the Reform Bill of 1832. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone had informed Lord Robert Montague that many of the working-classes might give him a useful lesson in good breeding, and had made that appe useful lesson in good breeding, and had made that appeal against distrust of our own flesh and blood which afterwards became so celebrated, and was so often quoted against him. Still, the general feeling was in favour of Reform, and the Government, looking to this and relying on it, brought in a Bill for the Redistribution of Seats, as well as Bills for Reform in Scotland and Ireland. But the Redistribution of Seats Bill had been very hastily prepared, and, especially in its scheme of grouping, was open to numberless objections. Mr. Disraeli, in one of his best speeches, showed how forcibly these objections could be put; and Captain Hayter moved a resolution condemning the general scheme of grouping, and announcing that he had the countenance of his father, a steady Whig whip, for what he was doing. But the Government was strong enough to force the Bill a stage further, and at last, on June 4, it got into Committee, after the Opposition had attempted very unhand-somely to stifle it by insisting (and carrying on a division) that some impossible clauses against bribery should be inserted in it, and by supporting the well-meant but unpractical proposal of Mr. Clay to establish an educational franchise. Lord Stanley in vain proposed that the clauses regarding Redistribution should be taken first. The Government very properly insisted that some opinion should be first expressed on the proposed reduction of the franchise. proposed that the clauses regarding Redistribution should be taken first. The Government very properly insisted that some opinion should be first expressed on the proposed reduction of the franchise. The clauses reducing the county franchise to 14L, and establishing that this amount should be that of the rental, not of the rated value, were carried by decent majorities; but Lord Dunkellin raised again the question of rental and rated value in regard to the borough franchise, and although Mr. Gladstone regard to the borough franchise, and although Mr. Gladstone announced that an adverse majority would be treated as implying a want of confidence in the Ministry, the majority was in favour of Lord Dunkellin's proposal. Seven days elapsed before anything could be done, the Queen having taken the occasion of a great Parliamentary crisis and of the opening of a grand Continental war to bury herself and her Court in the recesses of the Highlands. At last she came southwards, and then it was known that the Russell Ministry had resigned, and shortly afterwards Lord Derby formed his Cabinet, and showed that, although he had wished to bring about a fusion of parties, he could make a very respectable Government out of the best of his own immediate supporters.

respectable Government out of the best of his own immediate supporters.

Thus, partly through the inherent difficulties of the subject, partly through the mismanagement and miscalculation of the Cabinet, partly through the vehemence and recklessness and impracticability of Mr. Gladstone, the great Reform Bill of 1866 came to an end, and a Ministry with a nominal majority of seventy was turned out of office. More recently the cause of Reform has been disgraced by the riots of Hyde Park and the triumph of the mob. A Session has passed away in which everything has been sacrificed to Reform, and Reform has made no perceptible progress. Has the Session then been wasted? Certainly, in one sense it has. So far as the failure of the Reform Bill was due to mismanagement, the Session has been wasted. It stands to sense it has. So far as the failure of the Reform Bill was due to mismanagement, the Session has been wasted. It stands to reason that the Session would have been more profitable if a better Reform Bill had been better managed, even if it had not been carried. But in a larger sense the Session has not been wasted. The nation has learnt very much from this elaborate discussion of its Constitution, its position and its prospects. The way has been found, we may hope, for a good Reform Bill hereafter; and it must never be forgotten that to inform the public mind on great political subjects is one of the highest and noblest functions of Parliament, and it is a function which the English Parliament discharges far better than any other assembly in the world has ever discharged it.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE.

It is an old and a trite saying, but not on that account the less correct, that a vast amount of the mischief done in the world is done by conscientious people. Writers, and more especially theological writers, have been in the habit of talking of conscience as if it were an unwritten Bible, a divinely appointed guide implanted by Providence in the heart of each individual to tell him what is right and what is wrong. The assumption that such an oracle exists within us is purely arbitrary; and if it be true that individual consciences have been the cause of many errors and of many crimes, it is merely an identical and self-evident proposition to maintain that conscience is not infallible. The admirable sermon in Tristram Shandy points out how eren St. Paul abstains from telling us that he has a good conscience, and contents himself with saying that he trusts he has a good one, which is a different matter. And if bigotry, intolerance, and persecution are evils; if Pharisees, Grand Inquisitors, and damnatory sons of thunder are objectionable; if the many fanatical excesses that have disgraced every section of Christendom, our

and contents himself with saying that he trusts he has a good one, which is a different matter. And if bigotry, intolerance, and persecution are evils; if Pharisees, Grand Inquisitors, and damnatory sons of thunder are objectionable; if the many fanatical excesses that have disgraced every section of Christendom, our own included, are blots upon the annals of religion, it is evident that conscience itself is not always an unmixed blessing. A large part of Mr. Lecky's History of Rationalism might indeed, without impropriety, have been styled a history of the blunders of the human conscience. For, like the oracle of Delphi, the oracles of conscience commit continually every conceivable mistake; they sanction what is evil, they condemn what is good, they are tortuous, partial, and obscure, and not seldom, when their influence is most required, they are dumb.

Most persons who think even superficially upon the subject will be forced to admit all this; but when it comes to dealing with the ordinary affairs of life, we generally fall back upon our old allegiance to conscience, and whenever we feel a disposition to be virtuous, we show it by obeying the minute whims and caprices of our "moral instinct." Few preserve the golden mean between two opposite extremes. Either we neglect reason and the generous dictates of our hearts altogether, or we rush blindly into the other excess, and treat conscience like a wilful child, to be petted and humoured at all hazards. How irrationally men and women may act while they are occupied in piously burning incense to this fictitious idol of their own creation, may be seen almost every hour of the day. We need not go to history for instances of the fatuity of conscience; we have plenty in our own drawing-rooms and at our own dinner-tables. One of the great difficulties in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures is to know when and where to draw a line. Nature has no straight lines ready made; and there is no wide gulf, like that which separated Lazarus and Dives, to separate what i

country French novels, it not sanctioned, are as a same prevey stringent ban.

The decrees of conscience appear so odd and so inscrutable that a man who was unaccustomed to hear them spoken of as lovingly as is the case among religious circles might be imagined turning round in sheer amazement to know who and what this conscience is that is always plucking people irregularly by the coat, and interfering, off and on, with their pursuits. It seems a crotchety, peevish, incoherent intruder, whose interruptions for some good reason doubtless are privileged, but not always grounded upon the

profoundest philosophy. If we could only unravel the history of any individual conscience, and see how it has grown to be what it is, our reverence for the name would not be increased. It is nothing better than a collective term applied to the sum total of moral sensibilities we possess, however they may have been acquired, or on whatever foundation they may be based. The atmosphere, intellectual or religious, in which we have been brought up, the books we have read, the praise and blame we have seen distributed by others, the ideas we have admired in secret ourselves — all are represented in this single word. The force of association is nowhere exemplified single word. The force of association is nowhere exemplated more completely than in reference to our moral sentiments, and the manner in which they lay hold of our imagination. An event or action happens which produces a vivid moral impression on ourselves; perhaps it is a disagreeable action of which we are the victims, in which case the moral impression made on us is vivid in the case the moral impression made on us is vivid in the case of the or action happens which produces a vivid moral impression on ourselves; perhaps it is a disagreeable action of which we are the victims, in which case the moral impression made on us is vivid in the extreme. As time passes, recollection of the details of the case fades into indistinctness. What is left as a residuum, when all else has drained itself away, is a vague moral susceptibility, an undefined dislike or contempt for the peculiar meanness or vice with which we were formerly brought directly into contact. Just in the same way, moral or pious sympathies and antipathies remain long after we have entirely lost sight of the source from which they are derived. There they are, nobody can tell how or why. We seem to have been drinking them in with our mother's milk, or with some or other of the numberless social influences—some of them subtle and intangible, some obvious and open—which we have been breathing. All that we know is that, fortunately or unfortunately, they have become a sort of law of our nature, and that it is pleasant to obey this law, and that we feel shame or pain or remorse when we have broken it. It may be thought by some that such an account of the growth of conscience is a dreary and material one, and the question will occur to them whether it may not be that conscience is something more than all this. The answer is the same old answer which has always been so fatal to a belief in innate ideas. Though we cannot analyse the growth of any single conscience any more we cannot analyse the growth of any single conscience any more than we can count all the rivers that run into the sea, and measure their respective contributions, we can see enough to convince us that conscience is partly at any rate made up of such vague associations and such educational and moral influences, while we never see anything that leads to the conclusion that it is not wholly so made up. The hypothesis, therefore, of a substratum of original moral sensibility is at the very least superfluous; and when we have discovered one cause sufficient to produce a given effect, it is a sound maxim not to pray in aid an additional hypothesis which is not wanted, and which is made up of pure conjecture. Hypotheses non finginus. Entia non sum multiplicanda practer necessitatem. In such and similar axioms have metaphysicians been accustomed to embody the great doctrine of the economy of hypotheses, and there is no doubt, to say the least of it, that the theory which attributes to experience and association the development of moral susceptibility is logically impregnable.

Properly regarded, such a view is far from destroying the legitimate authority with which conscience ought to be credited, or the use which may be made of its teaching. We cannot any longer go about happy in the conviction that we possess within us a kind of their respective contributions, we can see enough to convince us

mate authority with which conscience ought to be credited, or the use which may be made of its teaching. We cannot any longer go about happy in the conviction that we possess within us a kind of pocket revelation, or spiritual vade mecum, which can be uniformly trusted to be as accurate as a barometer. But this we cannot do upon any possible account of conscience that can be given, for even if conscience is originally a divine talisman, history shows that the divine talisman. even if conscience is originally a divine talisman, history shows us that the divine talisman is always incrusting itself with prejudice and error. Every explanation must be calculated on the of this admitted weakness on the part of conscience; and even if conscience is all crust and nothing underneath, it does not follow that it is to be despised. It is, indeed, in virtue of his possessing a conscience that man may emphatically be denominated the heir of all time. Every wave of human thought and ex-perience, by means of oral or written education, finds its way, sooner or later, into conscience's cave. The delicate moral sense of a cultior later, into conscience's cave. The delicate moral sense of a cultivated man or woman is a plant that has been fed by every sort of wind under heaven. Literature, society, imagination, books, men, dreams—all have gone into the mill, and helped to turn out our conscience as it is. A sense which is the product of such a weighty combination is not a sense to be unduly disparaged. The advantage, on the other hand, of not closing one's eyes to the heterogeneous elements of which conscience is compounded is that we learn to persuade ourselves thereby that one of the businesses of life is to weed and reform conscience. The first thirs that triles are in the persuade ourselves thereby that one of the businesses of life is to weed and reform conscience. The first thing that strikes one is the excessive difficulty of the operation. Most people so utterly depend, for whatever there is in them of good, upon their moral sensibility, that the business of pruning it appears as perilous as the Irishman's amusement of whittling away the signboard on which he himself was seated. It is like snipping away at the rope by which we are suspended in mid-air. And there is something which seems like profanity in cutting down even prejudices which have become interwoven, in the course of time, with pious ideas or with generous emotions. Like the woodman's tree, they sheltered us in youth, and we do not feel inclined to desert them simply because argument for them is weak and wanting. Yet, the more sensitive and receptive a thing conscience is, the more it is capable of being formed and moulded by ourselves at our own will. Reason will make as good a centre for sentiment to grow round and to cling to as prejudice, and the sentiment thus planted is less likely to be torn up by the roots. The excuse so often put forward by a man, that he has acted according to his conscience, is

not then an apology for a blunder or a folly. A man can make his own conscience, just as he can raise his own water-melons. It is as much his duty to prevent it from becoming an inconvenient and tangled and matted growth of damp moral feeling as it is the business of a gardener to keep his fences clipped and to weed his gravel walks. It is true that men are to be judged according to their lights, but that is no reason why they should not trim their lamps. The principle on which each individual lamp may best be trimmed is not so easily defined. But the general history of human error, if it ever is written now that Mr. Shandy is dead and that Mr. Caxton has become a nobleman, will doubtless show that as fruitful a source of error in the past as any has been the self-assertion of Conscience over Law. Men take their wild growth of moral impressions and susceptibilities, however they may have been produced, and set them up in the place of maxims of universal application. The first thing, then, to be done to most consciences would be to see that their dictates are consonant with some code that will hold good for mankind at large. If not, conscience must be reformed till it speaks in a different tone. So to act as if each action were to be made the foundation for a universal social law was Kant's golden rule; and one is never more likely to be impressed with its value than when one has been reflecting on the erratic variations of that untrustworthy compass, the human conscience. The absurdity of intolerance, or bigotry, or prejudiced obstinacy, or even of those numerous and fanciful lines which conscience in slighter matters draws, will become at once apparent if we endeavour for a moment to think of any of them as elevated to the position of an universal dogma.

MR. MILL AS A POLITICIAN.

THE old saying, that no man can safely be called fortunate until death has placed him beyond misfortune's reach, seems in some danger of receiving a painful illustration in the career of Mr. Mill. The illustration is rendered all the more striking by the suddenness with which it has come upon us. It seems only the other day that Mr. Mill was first thought of in connection with Parliament, and before that time who would have hesitated to pronounce him one of fortune's most favoured sons? He seemed to enjoy all the pleasures of the loftiest and purest success without any of the pains from which even the pettiest success is to enjoy all the pleasures of the loftiest and purest success without any of the pains from which even the pettiest success is rarely free. Devoted to perhaps the noblest of all callings by his own choice, he reached its highest eminence without provoking one formidable murmur of envious detraction or hate. And yet he has never shrunk from the clearest utterance of views completely at variance with those of his age. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to name another philosopher with some of whose most cherished doctrines his contemporaries had so little example at the property and who yet conciliated such universal exteem. This whose most cherished doctrines his contemporaries had so little sympathy, and who yet conciliated such universal esteem. This rare success may be partly accounted for by the manly forbearance with which Mr. Mill has tempered his matchless power of putting the errors of an opponent in the most unfavourable light. But it is due still more to the many-sidedness and moderation with which he has ever sought to reconcile the most conflicting views, and to show that even in the wildest there lurked some common furth. It is not easy to appreciate fully the henefits which he has ever sought to reconcile the most conflicting views, and to show that even in the wildest there lurked some germ of truth. It is not easy to appreciate fully the benefits which the age has so far owed to his teaching and example. Among the young and thoughtful men of this generation there is scarcely one who is not conscious of being largely in his debt. Many pay him a homage little short of adoration. But we may perhaps safely say that, if there is any one lesson above all others for which they have special reason to be grateful, it is the lesson he has taught them to search in every opinion, no matter how hostile to their own preconceived views, for some grain of truth; to be less anxious, in dealing with an opponent, to show in how much he is wrong than in what little he may be right, and to press this little into the cause of progress; to approach, in short, every question in the spirit of a philosopher, not of a partisan. In an age of multiform inquiry, when science and diffused culture are everywhere bringing old forms of thought and habit into dangerous contact with new, what lesson could be more valuable? And what can be more painful to all thoughtful men than to find that this very doctrine, which Mr. Mill the writer has done so much to establish, Mr. Mill the politician is doing so much to overthrow?

much to establish, Mr. Mill the politician is doing so much to overthrow?

It may perhaps be as well to explain that, in suggesting this contrast between Mr. Mill's intellectual and his political career, we do not forget the gulf which necessarily separates the man of action from the man of thought. In the serene atmosphere of purely speculative inquiry much temporizing is admissable, and even desirable, which it is quite impossible to reduce to practice. A moral philosopher, for instance, sitting calmly at his fireside, might very properly admit that there may be something to be said in extenuation of even Bill Sykes, and might possibly find grounds for refusing to hang him. But if Bill Sykes suddenly put his head in at the door, the calmest and most catholic-minded of philosophers might up with the poker and brain him. The instant a question passes from the sphere of speculation into that of action, it assumes a new character. We are not regretting that Mr. Mill has failed to preserve in Parliament the philosophical neutrality which lends such charm and value to his writings, for the simple reason that in active life such neutrality is impossible. We do not propose that he should deal with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli as he has dealt with Bentham and Coleridge, and, after carefully sifting the merits and demerits of the two leaders of the

House of Commons, gravely pronounce that the best way to make one perfect leader would be to combine the strong points of both. That he should join one or other of the two great political parties was obviously a necessity, and he naturally joined the party of progress. It is perhaps an open question how far the necessity was matter for regret. There were some of Mr. Mill's most ardent admirers who lamented that Parliamentary pressure should force upon him the most painful sacrifice which an earnest thinker can be called on to make—the sacrifice of one portion, perhaps the most precious portion, of his doctrine, to save the rest. They held that a man cannot serve philosophy and party politics without more or less neglecting one or the other, and that, as Mr. Mill was of infinitely more use to the world as a philosopher than he was ever more or less neglecting one or the other, and that, as Mr. Mill was of infinitely more use to the world as a philosopher than he was ever likely to be as a politician, his entrance into Parliament was to be deplored. But still no one would blame Mr. Mill for accepting a seat in Parliament, and, once there, the very structure of the House of Commons compels even a philosopher to take one side, no matter how many sides he may have of his own. Even if the nation had voted the great apostle of individuality a separate armchair, he could scarcely have exercised much political influence in a constant minority of one. But although it was necessary that Mr. Mill should join a party, there was not the slightest necessity for his joining a small and extreme section of that party; still less for his displaying the spirit of a violent and even acrimonious partisan. What, for instance, could present a more startling or more deplorable contrast to all that we have hitherto associated with his name and genius than his conduct in Parliament the partisan. What, for instance, could present a more startling or more deplorable contrast to all that we have hitherto associated with his name and genius than his conduct in Parliament the night after the Hyde Park riots? Here was an occasion which urgently called for precisely that spirit of compromise and concilitation which it has been the great object of his writings to promote. Government and a large section of the people had come into violent collision; and, in unlawful resistance to lawful authority, there had been a riot in which property was destroyed and even blood shed. Now for such resistance, followed by such consequences, there can be but one excuse. It can only be justified by maintaining that the oppression of the Government is of such a kind that the evils of submitting to it become greater even than those of openly resisting it by brute force. If Mr. Mill held this view about the closing of Hyde Park, his attack upon the Government, on behalf of the multitude, was perfectly logical and intelligible. An inflammatory harangue in Parliament about popular rights and Tory oppression was the most promising method of bringing the saving power of brute force into play. It was perhaps not less effective, and certainly far safer, than a similar harangue made at the head of the mob. But as Mr. Mill, however violent his partisanship, has not yet displayed any symptoms of downright madness or fanaticism, we may venture perhaps to assume that he would prefer even a Conservative Government to a reign of roughs. And hence his only consistent course, as a good citizen and patriot, was to lend his whole influence to the restoration of tranquillity and order; for it must be remembered that, at the very moment Mr. Mill was speaking, considerable excitement still prevailed, and there was reason to fear that the rioting would be renewed. Even assuming that he believed the Government to be entirely and manifestly in the wrong, it was his duty, as he the very moment Mr. Mill was speaking, considerable excitement still prevailed, and there was reason to fear that the rioting would be renewed. Even assuming that he believed the Government to be entirely and manifestly in the wrong, it was his duty, as he did not wish to overthrow it by violence, to do what he could to re-establish quiet and peace. But Mr. Mill had not the excuse of believing the Government to be entirely in the wrong. He did not question the right to close the Park; he denied only the expediency and abstract justice of the measure. He thought that "if the people had not a right to meet in the Park, they ought to have it." From Mr. Mill's own point of view, therefore, riot and bloodshed had arisen because Mr. Beales and his party thought proper to bring together an immense body of men from all parts of London in the hope of intimidating Government out of the exercise of an admitted right. How, then, was it possible, we will not say for Mr. Mill, but for any man of average acuteness, to blind himself to the obvious inference that Mr. Beales and his party were immediately responsible for the consequences of their perilous experiment, whether Government, in the first instance, acted wisely or not? And if so, did not common honesty, no less than the exigencies of the crisis, demand that to each side should be apportioned its fair share of the blame—to Government, the indiscretion of closing the Park; to Mr. Beales, the indiscretion of bringing together thousands of excited people whom it was impossible to keep under centrol? Mr. Mill was the very man for this task of fair apportionment. He might have mediated as impartially and philosophically between Mr. Walpole and Mr. Beales as he ever did between Benthamite and Coleridgian. As an influential Liberal, he could have rescued a Conservative Government from an unmerited imputation which just then threatened calamitous consequences, not merely to a party, but to the whole nation; as a he could have rescued a Conservative Government from an unmerited imputation which just then threatened calamitous consequences, not merely to a party, but to the whole nation; as a tried and zealous lover of progress, he could have shown where Reformers were in error, without being suspected of casting a slur upon Reform. It was an occasion for a national peace-maker of exactly the type which Mr. Mill's philosophy ought to produce. And how did he use it? The vir pietate gravis rises, makes an inflammatory speech which, as Mr. Disraeli very properly said, ought to have been made in Hyde Park, promises the Government "a very different kind of resistance" next time, denounces them as "illustrious mischief-makers," and actually so far forgets his logic or his honesty as to confound the right of public meeting with the right of meeting in Hyde Park.

We have said that this contrast between Mr. Mill the philosopher and Mr. Mill the politician is deplorable, but it is really a

question whether it is not even more ludicrous. It is so absurdly suggestive of Molière's inimitable scene in which the innocent M. Jourdain calls in his "Maître de Philosophie" to calm the dispute raging between his other masters as to the merits of their respective arts. The philosopher begins by referring the disputants to Seneca's masterly treatise on "Anger," and assuring them that in this world there is nothing worth striving for but "la sagesse et la vertue"; but in less than five minutes, to M. Jourdain's horror and amazement, he is furiously pommelling and being pommelled all round. The British nation, struck by Mr. Mill's writings, summons him, amid loud acelamations, into its Parliament as the great philosopher of the age, and innocently congratulates itself on having among its advisers at least one man who understands the virtues of moderation and self-control; and, on the first grave crisis which calls for both, is amazed to find him the blindest and most furious of partisans. Molière deliberately intended to make philosophers ridiculous, but this can scarcely be the intention of Mr. Mill. And yet his appearance at the Agricultural Hall the other night might almost furnish grounds for even this supposition. Which of his disciples would have believed, a few months ago, that he should ever live to see Mr. Mill all but forced on to a table amid cries of "Bravo, Mills"! in order that he might confusedly lecture somewhere about forty people out of forty thousand, and explain, so long as the friendly mob permitted him to keep his legs, that the people ought to make a "demonstration"; while in other parts of the monster building rival philosophers were talking fiery nonsense, and a lady, "supposed to be of powerful intellect," and unquestionably of powerful lungs, was screaming and scolding the unconscious Lord Derby. The most sanguine of the "stupid party" who looked with dislike and distrust upon the entrance of a thinker into Parliament, and suspiciously asked what in the world he could always want to Israelite must have felt when he saw the Ark carried into battle. It was awful to reflect upon the disastrous consequences to intellect and culture that would follow the failure of their champion, upon the delight of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "fat-headed Philistines," the illuminations in Askelon, the bonfires in Gath, the exultant self-complacency of the country squire who "thanked God that he had always voted against that d——d intellect, and always should." We admit that this association between Mr. Mill's philosophy and his speeches is not strictly logical. The Representative Government and the Essay on Liberty would remain exactly what they now are if their author were in onen Parliament. representative troversiment and the Essay on Liberty would remain exactly what they now are if their author were in open Parliament to pull Mr. Disraeli's nose, or offer to "take off coats" with Mr. Walpole. But, logical or illogical, it is the way of the world to measure the value of what a man says or writes by its practical estimate of his character. If Mr. Beales suddenly became the unconscious instrument of inspired wisdom, he would find the public as scentical as Belgam, even though reversing the mirade Mr. as sceptical as Balaam, even though, reversing the miracle, Mr. Beales were to shut his mouth. And if the nation once learns to look upon Mr. Mill as a narrow-minded and hot-headed partisan, his great influence as a teacher and thinker is gone.

would not be suspected of thinking that Mr. Mill has given the fat-headed Philistines a more than temporary triumph. It has surprised his admirers that he should have displayed such violent partisanship; but it has scarcely surprised the more soher among them that, in the first stage of his Parliamentary career, he should have made many false steps. A philosopher who, late in life, enters suddenly into the exciting scenes of Parliamentary conflict is somewhat in the position of an elderly recluse who, having never before thought of marriage, is unexpectedly carried off by a girl of eighteen. The friends of the old bachelor can scarcely believe their eyes when they see the vigorous waltzing, variegated waistcoats, and profuse pomatum of the newly-married man. Benedick is far more active and boyish than he was at fivewaistcoats, and profuse pomatum of the newly-married man. Benedick is far more active and boyish than he was at five-and-twenty, for the simple reason that at five-and-twenty he had no horror of being thought old. A philosopher wedded to a brisk and go-ahead constituency must feel that the most dangerous imputation he can incur, in the eyes of his lively partner, is to be considered as unfit to be a man of action; and hence he is under a strong temptation to plunge into the thick of the fight, and show that he can be as active and inpetuous as if he had never been a man of thought. He has much the same dread of being thought only a philosopher that the new Benedick has of being thought old. This is the only explanation we can discover of the restless pertinacity with which Mr. Mill has rushed into encounters for which he is not fitted, instead of reserving himself for great occasions on which he might have spoken with authority and success. For he has lost not merely his temper, but what in a philosopher is less pardonable, his head. He can think of no more appropriate praise for Mr. Gladstone than to pronounce him "the greatest Parliamentary leader England has seen since the days of the Stuarts." He subjects himself to a crushing retort from Mr. Disraeli by a notice which begs the very question it proposes to ask. He confounds, as we have seen, the right of public meeting with the right of meeting in Hyde Park. All this is so unlike what we have ever known of Mr. Mill that it is happily impossible to suppose that it can last. One consideration alone must make him, if only as a political economist, sooner or later open his eyes to the absurdity of his present rôle. What more ridiculous waste of force could there well be than his performance at the Agricultural Hall? He, a great philosopher, was doing, and doing very badly, the work of a Beales or a Mason Jones. Gladiateur is not more thrown away upon a donkey-cart than Mr. Mill upon a stump. It is perhaps hard to blame men of Mr. Bright's school for being brawling demagogues, since it is obviously their line, and indeed their only road to the notoriety which they confound with fame. But Mr. Mill has no such temptation or excuse. He has not the voice, impudence, fluency, fanaticism, or bull-dog pugnacity requisite for the task which an unaccountable infatuation has led him to undertake. He is as capable of making a successful stump oration as Mr. Beales is of writing the Essay on Liberty. He can at best only hope to be a fifth-rate follower of Mr. Bright, and to be patted on the back by the Star. And to attain this noble end he must sacrifice his present immense influence over the cultivated classes of the nation, and, through these classes, over the nation itself. He must sink in Parliament to the position of a second-rate Radical, for he has not the eloquence and assurance that secure a hearing for Mr. Bright; whereas, if he reserved himself for occasions worthy of his interference, and carried into his political conduct the tone and temper of his philosophy, he might be among the most influential Bright; whereas, it he reserved himself for occasions worthy of his interference, and carried into his political conduct the tone and temper of his philosophy, he might be among the most influential of the nation's advisers. It is impossible to suppose that, with two such careers as these before him, he will deliberately choose the first.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A UGUST has come, and the boys are home for their holidays.

A UGUST has come, and the boys are home for their holidays of those again, and the lungs of the rising generation are, if anything, rather more healthy than they were a year ago. Partly from the demoralizing influences of the age, and partly through original sin, boys are a race predestined to wickedness and breaking windows as the sparks fly upward. And now they are masters of the situation for six or eight weeks, without fear of tutors, and in open contempt of governors. Now one begins more fully to realize what the French Revolution was like, or the storming of St. Sebastian, or the invasion of the Goths and Vandals. Some of the most striking scenes in Paradise Lost must certainly have been composed when the boys had just come home from school. And yet it is difficult to think what can have put it into the head even of the most unreasonable young person that human life head even of the most unreasonable young person that human life must be conducted during its waking hours with the accompani-ment of prolonged screaming. It is so absurd to forget that ment of prolonged screaming. It is so absurd to for peace and quietness are in reality the most important the household, and come first in the prayer about the Parliament. If the ground floor is to be turned into a permanent representation of Hyde Park on one of Mr. Walpole's most tearful afternoons, what is to become of family life? Business is of course out of the question. As for people who wish to compose articles on the Reform question, or the mission of the Atlantic Telegraph, heaven help them if they have some three or four boys just fresh heaven help them if from a public school.

from a public school.

If our memory serves us rightly, the world is getting worse and worse. Boys in our time used not, we think, to be so given to crime and peashcoters. In the worst moments of our turbulence there was a lingering respect for authority, and even when our grandfathers robbed hen-roosts—and what the profit or pleasure of robbing hen-roosts was, goodness only knows—they used to do it in secret, and not proclaim it all the time upon the housetop. Nowadays, boys seem to have rather found out their elders than otherwise, and play their prespic with a servere consciousness that the case of and play their pranks with a serene consciousness that the eye of justice is half inclined to wink at their misdeeds. This may be what Dr. Arnold meant when he talked about confidence bet what Dr. Arnold meant when he talked about confidence between boys and their rulers, but the effect is simply disastrous. They may not tell fibs, perhaps, and when they overset the inlistand on our manuscript they acknowledge the error with charming candour; but the advantage seems to be all on one side if one cannot even pretend to be angry. The worst of it is that there is really nothing to be done. A crime, we will say, of the most glaring kind has been committed. The natural fitness of things and the dictates of immemorial domestic legislation concur in declaring that it is distinctly not right to also cricket in the drawing-room kind has been committed. The natural fitness of things and the dictates of immemorial domestic legislation concur in declaring that it is distinctly not right to play cricket in the drawing-noom with an india-rubber ball, and knock off the head of a statuette of Mercury. Now it will not do, of course, to beat boys, since this is the nineteenth century; and the bread of affliction and water of affliction would not tend on the whole to enliven the holidays; so one is driven to sermonizing. And the result is, that while the mild reproof induces a demure expression of countenance and a relapse into an unchecked career of vice, there is just a danger that too vigorous a denunciation may bring on that particular tempest of tears and penitence which generally ends in a wholesale and indiscriminate forgiveness, and a morbid indulgence for the sins of the ensuing forty-eight hours. The wonder is how they manage at school. Do the youngsters make volcances of their dormitories, shoot small shot out of the windows at the passers by, and do battle with the butcher in front of the very door? Or, if not, why not?

Would that, as Euripides says in the Medea, the pine-tree had never been cut down upon the mountain from which the ship was built which first brought enterprising men to the lands where caoutchouc grows! If there is one article of commerce the sale of which ought to be legally prohibited, even more stringently than that of nitro-glycerine, it is india-rubber rings. Some malevolent

influence must certainly have guided boys during the past half-year to that exuberant fertility of invention in the science of gunnery which is connected with the employment of india-rubber. The plain ring is bad enough in all conscience, and when it directs hardnead pellets of pear against the end for the sense of an hour it must make that cheaver's blied but each of the sense of an hour it must make that cheaver's blied but each of the sense of a family who has not learnt by this time the terrors of the school-boy's catapult? That fearful instrument sends anything at any velocity to any distance, and makes no noise in doing it; and all boys everywhere have learnt hieror in making catapults by one and the same flash of mischievous insertion. Not it is all boys everywhere have learnt hieror in making catapults by one it may begin again; and, meanwhile, penknives have more blades than they had before, and the art of wood-engraving is never at a standstill for want of chairs and tables. Then, too, there is the standard of chairs and tables. Then, too, there is the employment of chairs and tables. Then, too, there is the employment of the sum's representation has its charma as much as ever, and is are regardless as evered, that the most apportant time for this particular diversion is the period when people are coming out of church. Mimetic representation has its charma as much as ever, and is are regardless as ever for funyitter. It is a distressing peculiarity of quantities, and that it must always be conducted on wet days overhead. And whether Achilles in real life dragged Hector three times round the walls of Troy or not, the dramatic performance of the act upon a younger brother round the flower-garden damages the tupon a younger brother round the flower-garden damages the round and the rest of the particularity of the many wet had to exceed the particularity of the many wet had to the cardial principle of the particularity of the acid and the particularity of the many that the particularity of the again and t

time as much about two-thirds of their school life as they know themselves, declare that even they are surprised at the mass of new ideas they have got, and the still greater fecundity of new words. Is it from some new principles of education, or from copying their elders, or from reading the sporting newspapers, that they have got that remarkable attitude of mind towards all questions human and divine, cricket-matches only excepted, which mixes up the serious side with the comic so com-

pletely that no one can say where one begins and the other ends? There is no more place left for mental staidness than for bodily. It might be worth while to speculate whether there is more lost or gained by this particular frame of mind, but it is at all events a comfort to remember that there are institutions in the world that will counteract it. Let them have their fill of turbulence for six weeks. When September comes the house will be quiet enough, and the sisters will even call it gloomy. Then shall the disturbers of the public peace be restored to their place of torment, and if they can manage to make fun of grammars and lexicons, they are cleverer boys than we take them for.

TENNESSEE.

TENNESSEE.

THE extended communication between different nations has as yet done comparatively little towards their better understanding of one another. It is funny to see how completely we are all adrift in explaining the social or political phenomena of States with which we are in constant and close relation; and it is more funny still to read the interpretations which they put on our contemporary history. As was naturally to be expected, the press of Paris has magnified the Hyde Park disturbances into a condition of chronic anarchy, and the groans of the Clerkenwell roughs into the indignant murmurs of the English people. And Englishmen have made nearly as great mistakes in estimating the power of Austria or the policy of Prussia. Nor were we sounder judges or better prophets in treating the issue of the American war. Each of us had his own theory, not only as regarded the success or failure of either of the combatants, but also as regarded the consequences to which either of these only as regarded the success or failure of either of the combatants, but also as regarded the consequences to which either of these results might lead. Of course all who prophesied fair things for the South are discredited as prophets for ever. But of those who predicted the success of the North, how many foretold or foresaw anything like the present state of things? Misapprehension of the past teaches us to be modest about the future. We prefer acknowledging astonishment to soothsaying. Were it not for this, there would be ample room for inference and prophecy in the latest American news. Certainly a condition of things exists in the great Republic that exists and could exist in no European monarchy. We refer more especially to the State of Tennessee, as described by the Correspondent of the Times. It appears that the Radical section of Congress felt the necessity of readmitting Tennessee into the Union. Without herentry into the bosom of the Republic, the requisite two-thirds for effecting a change in the Constitution of the Union could not be obtained. Now the Radicals were bent on introducing into the Constitution a pet plan of reconstruction, which was highly not be obtained. Now the Radicals were bent on introducing into the Constitution a pet plan of reconstruction, which was highly distasteful to many of the Southern States, and not less so to Tennessee than to her sisters. But although the people of Tennessee are Democrats, the Governor of Tennessee—notorious as Parson Brownlow—is a violent Radical, and as fierce a fee of the Sewident as of the Sewident what to Feelish judgment Tennessee than to her sisters. But although the people of Tennessee are Democrats, the Governor of Tennessee—notorious as Parson Brownlow—is a violent Radical, and as fierce a foe of the President as of the South. And, what to English judgment appears more strange, the State Congress is not less Radical than its Governor. How has it come about that, in a land blessed with universal suffrage, a Conservative people have elected a Radical Governor, and a Senate and House of Representatives both of which contain a majority of Radicals? The answer is found in the doctrine of force majeure. The fortune of war placed Tennessee at the disposal of the victorious North. Now State-parties do not conquer in civil war for nothing. The victory which is the most hotly contested is rarely satisfied with barren glory. They would be poor politicians who, having once got a powerful State into their clutches, allowed themselves to be foiled by the operation of the ballot-box. The victorious faction placed armed soldiers at the polling-places, and excluded four-fifths of the voters on the pretext that they were Confederates. Still all was not done. There were too many Conservatives left. Their votes were neutralized at the booths by unscrupulous manipulation, and the Legislature was thus secured to the Radical interest, so far as regarded the majority. It was not, however, enough to secure a majority which neither shared their sentiments nor represented the opinions of the State. They kept away accordingly, and the requisite quorum was not formed. But unless the quorum were formed, and the two Houses were regularly constituted, the reconstruction vote could not be passed, and the Governor would be beaten. Parson Brownlow was equal to the occasion. A man is not at the same time a ranting preacher and a fanatical Republican for nothing. A man who has been raving, foaming, and blaspheming for a great part of his life against his Southern fellow-citizens as aristocrats, and for the last five years excommunicating them as traitors, was enforce the election of members of the Legislature, they could also enforce their attendance. So, the parson-governor sent a squad of soldiers after the recusants. If these were found, they were brought into the House; if they could not be found, their seats were declared vacant, and a new election ordered. When this was done, another set of recalcitrant Conservatives would run away, and, unless Brownlow's soldiers were too quick for them, would cross the border into a neighbouring State, whence no fugitive-member law was available to bring them back. This process seems to have gone on until all the possibilities of Conservative

desertion were exhausted. At last the President refused the use of United States troops any longer for such services, and the Governor proceeded to organize a Pretorian cohort of his own. With this he did not pursue "skedaddling" members to their homes, but took the more expeditious course of preventing their escape from the House. Decision so unflinching triumphed in the end. The quorum was not together and kept together. their escape from the House. Decision so unflinching triumphed in the end. The quorum was got together, and kept together till the Constitutional Amendment so dear to the Radicals and so hateful to the President was carried. When it was carried, and Tennessee was thus re-admitted to Congress, the ruler who combines the sacerdotal and gubernatorial functions with such winning grace despatched to the Secretary of State an official report of his success, the concluding paragraph of which ran as follows:—"Give my respects to the dead dog of the White House." For the information of our untravelled readers, we may mention that by the "dead dog of the White House" is meant the President of the United States.

To illustrate either Parson Brownlow's letter or his antecedent conduct by comment would be as impertinent as gilding

To illustrate either Parson Brownlow's letter or his antecedent conduct by comment, would be as impertinent as gilding refined gold. Each is its own best comment. Nought but itself can be its parallel. We cannot say that there have not been periods in history when things were done very like what he has lately done. Cromwell did not on all occasions show a marked respect for the sanctity of Parliament, nor did he scruple to make military demonstrations. But we have no record that he bullied his friends into attending, or badgered his enemies to make a House. We have not heard that mailed Roundheads guarded county or borough hustings, to frighten away voters suspected of Cavalier proclivities. But then we must remember that—with due deference to Mr. Bright—the epoch of the Protectorate was not an epoch of universal suffrage. A closer resemblance to Tennessee may probably be found in the history voters suspected of Cavalier proclivities. But then we must remember that—with due deference to Mr. Bright—the epoch of the Protectorate was not an epoch of universal suffrage. A closer resemblance to Tennessee may probably be found in the history of the Republics of South America, where the people and their representatives receive a periodical inspiration from the presence of generals at the head of armed followers. Whether it be that the climate of the American continent is unfavourable to the slow process of Constitutional Government, or that the ferrour of Republican Puritanism cannot brook the delays invented by worldly politicians, is not for us to pronounce. Neither would we be so rash as to found any prediction on incidents like this. Some people think that, in this unresisted despotism of a wild political parson, they foresee the autocratic sovereignty which is destined to control the future subjects of the United States. Others think they see that love for strong central power which sprang first from the necessities of war, and was confirmed by the necessities of pence, and is wholly independent of any devotion to a dynasty or a man. We confess we see neither. There is one element which is absolutely essential to the recognition of an autocrat and the perpetuation of his authority, and this is reverence. But reverence must be entirely absent both from people and ruler in Tennessee. It is impossible that either people or representatives can venerate a fanatical buffoon like Brownlow, with whom they are always playing a schoolboy's game of prisoners' base, or that Brownlow can respect the Chief Magistrate of his country, whom, in an official letter to a high public officer, he designates the "dead dog of the White House." To be candid, too, it does not clearly appear that President Johnson cares much about obtaining reverence; for he seems to have penned a message to Congress, on the readmission of Tennessee, which reads more like an election squib against his adversaries than a grave public document. I country, are complaining that the hands of Government are daily becoming weaker and weaker; that we pass laws for the public health, and the relief of the poor, of which we cannot enforce the execution; that we cannot defend the right of the Crown to administer the Royal parks against an inundation of London rowdyism; and that we dare not protect our own police by the exercise of a little martial vigour. At the same time a loud-mouthed ruffian, whom half his friends deem a madman, and all his enemies an ingrained savage, contrives, in a land of universal suffrage, to pack a State Legislature in opposition to the wishes of the majority of the people, to organize an armed body-guard of his own, to force members of both Houses to vote against their convictions, and then he winds up by announcing his success in a ribald despatch made up of insolence and Billingsgate. Verily America has a good deal yet to teach us. country, are complaining that the hands of Government are daily

THE CHOLERA.

THE average number of deaths in London for the thirty-first week of the year is 1,395; the deaths from cholera alone in the thirty-first week of 1866 were 1,407. The simple figures are enough to show how formidable the outbreak has become average the last month, nor does there seem to be any approximately the thirty-first week of 1866 were 1,407. The simple figures are enough to show how formidable the outbreak has become during the last month, nor does there seem to be any compensating diminution in the percentage of deaths to cases. Medical counsel is as contradictory, medical science as uncertain, medical skill as helpless in the immediate presence of the enemy as in any one of the former visitations. The more eminent the authority, the less positive is he in holding out any hope of cure. The newspapers are filled with suggestions, each one the direct contradictory of the last; but they come mostly from unknown men, and possess only the empirical authentication of a solitary and accidental success. Meanwhile the great leaders of the profession either maintain an ominous silence or frankly tell us that the disease is still a simple lottery, in which prizes and blanks, death and recovery, are about equally distributed. If ever circumstances preached the doctrine that prevention is better than cure they are doing so at this moment. We have not even the temptation of a possible alternative offered to us. In the direction of the one we are powerless; in the direction of the other we might, if we were so minded, have things almost our own way. No matter from what point of view we look at the disease, the practical lesson to be drawn from it is the same. If it comes by the ordinary operation of a natural law, it is a call upon us to remove the causes, that we may ensure the removal of the effect. If it comes as a special Providential visitation, the conclusion as to our immediate action is not altered. The poor die as they are dving, because we have a state of the effect. The poor die as they are dving, because we have a state of the effect.

rection of the other we might, if we were so minded, have things almost our own way. No matter from what point of view we look at the disease, the practical lesson to be drawn from it is the same. If it comes by the ordinary operation of a natural law, it is a call upon us to remove the causes, that we may ensure the removal of the effect. If it comes as a special Providential visitation, the condusion as to our immediate action is not altered. The poor die as they are dying, because we have ast still and suffered them to live as they have lived; and if cholera has any theological teaching, it is surely this—that every act of sanitary neglect lays up a store of retribution, in the shape of expense, anxiety, and danger, which is safe to find us out some day. In 1832, people knew but little of the natural consequences of breathing foul air and drinking foul water, and there was consequently some pretext for the inaction which followed upon the cessation of the disease; but each succeeding outbreak since that time has increased our sanitary know-ledge, and made our sanitary practice more inexcusable. If we had only acted up to our lights after 1844, we should not be going over exactly the same ground in 1866. There is nothing new or exceptional about the present epidemic. Every step in its progress might have been foretold twelve years ago—nay, has been foretold year after year in every report of the officials entrusted with the observation of the public health, only no one has been foretold year after year in every report of the officials entrusted with the observation of the public health, only no one has been foretold well-years ago—nay, has been foretold well-year after year in every report of the officials entrusted with the observation of the public health, only no one has been foretold well-year dependent of the same facts in this result than its predecessors, or whether we shall forget all that we seem to have learned as soon as the incentive of simple fright is withdrawn.

We spoke a fortnight ago of the

The condition of the East of London to-day may be the condition of the West and South and North to-morrow. One neighbourhood may be better or worse situated than another in respect of the greater or less abundance of other predisposing causes; but in respect of the worst danger of all, polluted water, they seem one and all to stand on exactly the same footing.

We put this aspect of the question thus prominently forward for two reasons. First, because it is only at a time when people are really alarmed that there is any chance of getting them to give any serious thought to the unsatisfactory character of our present water-supply. If London is to be really healthy, the first requisite is pure water; and to obtain pure water from a stream flowing, sike the Thames, through a thickly populated district, is a sheer impossibility. We have before pointed out that what Glasgow and Manchester have done cannot be beyond the power of London to do; and the construction of an aqueduct from Wales is surely not too gigantic a work for the engineering skill of the nineteenth century. Our present financial position is not, it must be admitted, the most favourable for floating a new Company; but even in these days of ten per cent. we believe that the present alarm might be turned to good account in the way of setting on foot some practical scheme for superseding the Thames as a joint channel of sewerage and drinking-water. Our other object is to urge the immediate adoption of some additional process of filtration for the water at present supplied us. Upon the possibility of doing this, Professor Frankland's remarks are very encouraging. He sees great reason to think that, by filtration through animal charcoal, water can be completely purified from all organic matter. Of course it is not certain that an imputity so subtle as choleraic poison might not find means to escape even through this medium; but the chances seem to be the other way, and at all events this method is decidedly the most efficacious of any known to science. The

be only a repetition of the experiences of former cholera years. Mr. Disraeli tells us indeed that it would be "most unwise, in a moment of alarm and hurry, to change the principle on which our system of local administration has long been carried out." There would be more reason in this display of caution if there had been any effort made, in moments of complacency and leisure, to see that our local administration was not altogether standing still. Mr. Hardy again warns the local bodies throughout the country that they are on their trial, and so far we perfectly agree with him. But we should like to have seen a disposition on the part of the Government to obtain from Parliament, before the recess, some additional powers of dealing with such local bodies as have already been tried and found wanting. If Mr. Hardy wants an instance of this kind, we have little doubt that the member for Chichester could furnish him with a sufficiently appropriate one. The Privy Council sent down one of their medical officers in May, 1865, to inquire into the unnecessarily high death-rate prevailing in a city which ought, from its situation and the absence of noxious trades, to be one of the healthiest in the kingdom. His Report specifies four causes of disease which are allowed to have pretty much their own way in the town—polluted water, bad drainage, accumulated nuisances, and a huge cattle market held in the open streets. The local sanitary healthiest in the kingdom. His Report specifies four causes of disease which are allowed to have pretty much their own way in the town—polluted water, bad drainage, accumulated nuisances, and a huge cattle market held in the open streets. The local sanitary authority, Dr. Seaton further states, is the Town Council, "but they do not appear to have exercised any sanitary functions." There was at one time a Nuisances Removal Committee, "but its meetings have long been discontinued." There is an Inspector of Nuisances, but he is not expected to make any reports, and naturally, therefore, he makes none. The Local Government Act has not been adopted. Such was the state of Chichester in 1865; a letter in the Times of Thursday describes what it is in 1866. The Town Council have just "leased out the market tolls for a period of four or five years, and have determined to keep the market in the streets for that period." The water of the town is still obtained from wells "frequently within a few feet of the cesspools," but the Town Council have refused to "raise 15,000% to utilize a water-supply ready at hand"; while the Mayor stated three weeks ago, "in returning thanks for a toast," that money spent in draining and watering the city would be simply thrown away. One death from Asiatic cholera has been certified, and the occurrence of several others is suspected; but a member of the Town Council is found to say, "If a man were to come and tell me he had seen a case of Asiatic cholera, I should kick him out of my shop"—a species of official reception not calculated to promote energetic house-to-house visitation. When constituencies are proved to be guilty of gross corruption, they are disfranchised; and when a local authority is proved to be wilfully incompetent for its duties, it ought to be treated in like manner. A short Act of Parliament, giving the Privy Council power, under certain circumstances and for a limited time, to take the administration of a town into its own hands would act as a wonderful quickener of sluggi such a body as we have described "being on their trial." The only trial on which the Town Council of Chichester ought to be put is a trial for manslaughter.

THE REFORM LEAGUE.

THE REFORM LEAGUE.

M. R. MASON JONES is supposed to represent the lungs of breaches of the peace, as Mr. Beales M.A. represents its brains. His chief mission hitherto has been the delivery of "orations," which we believe have electrified the smaller provincial towns in a very wonderful manner indeed. At the Monster Meeting at Islington last week he was the only speaker who very nearly succeeded in making himself heard. This modest triumph, however, has not satisfied his ambition, and he aspires to reach the ear of what he styles "the ruling classes" through the medium of a written oration in the Times newspaper. A stump orator seldom handles a pen with much skill. He misses the inspiring sound of his own voice. He cannot bring his fist down into the palm of the other hand with an exhilarating thwack. The energetic applause which greets spoken claptrap cannot be always anticipated for the same claptrap when written. If the fine sentences about "the lustre of the Crown itself having been tarmshed," and "the recurrence of events which tend to imperil the peace of the country and to shake the foundations of the Throne itself," had been spoken, people might very probably have applauded to the echo. But when looked at under the cooling influences of small type, they are instantly recognised as mere impudent nonsense. Even Mr. Beales M.A. is not so silly as to be capable of believing that the foundations of the Throne were shaken because an army from the New Cut succeeded in defeating their sworn and natural enemies, the police. But rhetoric, of course, has its weaknesses; and if Mr. Mason Jones is seriously going to give up the stump for the pen, he must modify his style accordingly. If he is likely to address "the ruling classes" often, it would be well for him to give up talking about "scenes eventuating in catastrophes."

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give up the stump for the pen, he must modify his style accordingly. If he is likely to address "the ruling classes" often, it would be well for him to give up talking about "scenes eventuating in catastrophes."

Apart from its fustian English, the orator's letter is only remarkable as showing the extent to which a clique of obscure nobodies can delude one another into looking at things upside down. The allusion to the French prohibition of public meetings shows the vile perversity of the writer, and of the people whom he professes to represent. The French Government do something more than prohibit political meetings in the gardens of the Tuileries. For the rest, the whole creed of the League may be found in one part or other of the letter, and it is all of a piece. There are two great divisions of English subjects, the ruling classes and the people. Each is deeply antipathetic to the other, but the ruling classes are always in the wrong. The other division, the people, is the base of all authority. Government is only permitted to go on by their will and pleasure. The law is only obligatory so far as it is agreeable to them. If the law does not sanction any object of their desire, then it ought to do so; and, in consequence, it may be justly disregarded and resisted. The only true and authentic exponent of what "the people" desire is Mr. Beales M.A. L'état c'est Beales M.A. The Secretary of State "ought to have known," says Mr. Jones, "that in all such conflicts the authorities are sure to be vanquished; by provoking them, Government has nothing to gain and everything to lose." "The entire blame" of the wrecking of Hyde Park "rests at the door of the infatuated Government which provoked the conflict, and thereby proved its own weakness and the people's power." Exactly; if Guy Fawkes and a few friends desire, in the name of "the people," to meet in the vaults at Westminister, the authorities are always sure to be vanquished. They have nothing to gain. There is no excess of lawlessness and outrage which the Gover

had been public-spirited high-minded men, instead of an officious and self-important clique, they would have been at no loss to find some way of trying their point without deliberately provoking a breach of the peace on the most extensive and outrageous scale. The charge against them is that they went to the Park in ostentatious procession, knowing that resistance awaited them, and knowing that a riot must ensue which they could not hope to control. They spread abroad a most noxious sense of insecurity, they sacrificed a great mass of public property, they engendered a huge amount of bad public feeling, they put human life into fearful jeopardy, and all to prove the important constitutional doctrine that the Three Tailors of Tooley Street are the people of England.

fearful jeopardy, and all to prove the important constitutional doctrine that the Three Tailors of Tooley Street are the people of England.

Mr. Mason Jones, who is seemingly enough of a political tactician to lay claim to victory in spite of notorious and utter defeat, declares that "to-day the League is a great fact, and, if directed by courage on the one side and prudence on the other, bids fair to become a power in the land." But the qualification is fatal. The gentlemen of the League show neither courage nor prudence. Their prudence is exhibited in stirring up a frightful riot, and their courage in running away from the scene of it immediately afterwards. Nor can we conceive anything much more profoundly imprudent, in their own interests, than to inform the English public that the basis of their policy is the intimidation of everybody who has any property to lose, or any windows or bones to be broken. Of course the League is a great fact. So was the Protestant Association a great fact in the days of the Lord George Gordon riots. We may be quite sure that, as soon as the League becomes a great fact in the sense of representing a widespread and important movement of public opinion, the sceptre will pass away from the hands of such people as Mr. Beales M.A. and Mr. Mason Jones. But the world is not yet ripe for the notion that, if you cannot get a man to agree with you, the proper course is to hustle him and curse at him and to throw boulders into his dining-room. All the best men of all parties, and some of the worst, unite in desiring to see the question of Reform settled by the admission of the working-man to the franchise, or "within the pale of the Constitution," as it is absurdly called. But it will not be settled by wrecking parks, nor by anything else which persuades people with something to lose that political questions are for the future to be decided by violence, and not by argument. It is possible even for a Liberal to prefer Toryism to anarchy, and if an argument were wanting to show in another s odgers, who is always put forward as the man who ought to have a vote, exclusion for a quarter of a century is not very different from perpetual exclusion. The insincerity of such talk is manifest enough. Besides, we can scarcely suppose that the agitators by trade would have allowed themselves to be robbed of their trade for five-and-twenty years by a paltry 7th franchise. Mr. Beales M.A. knows this as well as the rest of us do. After all, it is very disinterested in the Leaguers to labour for the enfranchisement of the working-classes. For, if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the working-classes are not much in the habit of voting for literary gentlemen who go down from London to toady them. At the last general election, Mr. Baxter Langley, a turbulent obscurity of the League, polled a handful of votes for Greenwich in a large and democratic constituency. Mr. Mason Jones's concluding menace will not terrify anybody. A hundred indignant orators may, as he says they will, declaim from a hundred platforms on the wrongs and grievances of the masses; and it is a salutary thing, by the way, that they should have a platform apiece. The masses have a respect for the law, and they will not believe in the deliberate encouragement of riot and bloodshed of which the League have been guilty. And even if this will not believe in the deliberate encouragement of riot and bloods shed of which the League have been guilty. And even if this should not be the case, people will no more endure anarchy and the dictation of force now than they did eighteen years ago. We have not quite come to such a pass that the only public opinion of any weight shall be that which is formed by wilful and defiant breakers of the public peace and destroyers of public property.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

PUBLIC attention has been recently called to this venerable and interesting structure by the visit of the Archæological Institute, and much new light has been thrown upon its history by the researches of Mr. Parker. The result of these investigations was made public for the first time on the occasion of the visit of the Institute, and as the history made out by Mr. Parker differs in several important particulars from the popularly received history, a sketch of it may be generally acceptable. The usual story is that the Castle was built by William the Conqueror, and the authority cited for this is the Domesday Book; but there is in truth no evidence whatever that William built anything at Windsor, and the entries in the Domesday Survey really prove the contrary. They show that there was a castle in the hundred of Clewer, for which Earl Harold paid rent in the

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time of Edward the Confessor, but for which no rent was paid in the time of William, because he occupied it himself. There is no masonry of the eleventh century at Windsor, and the earthworks masonry of the eleventh century at Windsor, and the earthworks are much earlier. There is a postern or subterranean passage, the entrance to which is from an inner road at the bottom of a trench fifteen feet below the surface, and the exit into an outer trench or foss thirty feet below the surface. The depth of this passage, which is cut in a very rude manner through the solid chalk, and of the roads at each end of it, gives indication of an early date. All primitive fortifications have these deep covered ways as part of the defences; they are found in the Etruscan cities, and in the early fortifications of Rome, and in early earthworks everywhere. But in the third century of the Christian era a change in the arts of attack and defence took place. The Trebuchet or Catapult, the artillery of those days, was so much improved that it was found necessary to build higher walls, with wooden galleries on the top of them called hourds or bruttices, and simultaneously with this the use of the deep covered ways was abandoned as no longer the use of the deep covered ways was abandoned as no longer necessary. In Rome the walls of Aurelian and the gateway the use of the meesary. In Rome the walls of Aurelian and the gateway fortresses of Honorius, in the third and fourth centuries, are made upon the old aggers, and double the height. The arches of the gateways are built on the level of the soil. Those of the older walls were built at twenty feet below the level, and were filled up to the haunches when the gateways of Honorius were made. As Rome set the fashion in fortification to all Western Europe, the roads after the fourth century were made on the level in Britain and in Gaul also.

These considerations lead to a reasonable inference that the earthworks at Windsor were made in the time of Julius Cæsar or earthworks at Windsor were made in the time of Julius Cæsar or Caractacus, when Britain was defended against the Romans by a series of fortresses, most of which still exist, on commanding hills and promontories similar in situation to Windsor, all over the country. Many of our medieval castles are built upon old earthworks, as Windsor clearly is; the wide and deep trenches have been filled up for the convenience of modern roads, but the mound remains with its wide and deep foss. The mound is entirely artificial, made of "travelled" chalk, which never sets hard again. It was the belief of Edward III. and Froissart that Windsor Castle was built by King Arthur when he defended Britain against the Sarons: but in that case the roads would have been on the level. Saxons; but in that case the roads would have been on the level, and not deep, as we find them. Edward the Confessor resided at Old Windsor, and this was the manor which he gave to the Abbey of Westminster on his death-bed, and which William exchanged of Westminster on his death-bed, and which William exchanged for other lands a few months afterwards. There are some low mounds with ditches of early character at Old Windsor, supposed to mark the site of the residence of the Confessor; the buildings of that period being of course of wood only. The Roman camp, where the army was stationed when it blockaded the Costle, is believed to have been also at Old Windsor, where many Roman remains have been found. The date of ancient earth-works is always an open question. Castles continued to be Roman remains have been found. The date of ancient earthworks is always an open question. Castles continued to be
made usually of earthworks and wood down to the time of
the Norman Conquest. M. de Caumont of Caen has examined
the sites of all the castles of the Norman barons who came
over to England with William, and has found no masonry of
that period at any one of them. It is therefore possible, though
not probable, that the earthworks at Windsor may be of the
time of the Conqueror. The oldest masonry now existing there
is of the time of Henry II. William Rufus held bis court at Windsor, but built nothing there. Henry I. is said to have built New Windsor, one mile from the old town, by Stowe, but a writer of the fifteenth century is not good authority for events of the twelfth. Henry of Huntingdon, indeed, mentions New Windsor, but he also mentions New Westminster when he means only now health is not some time. events of the twelfth. Henry of Huntingdon, indeed, mentions New Windsor, but he also mentions New Westminster when he means only new buildings at Westminster, and the same is perhaps his meaning at Windsor. It is probable that some of the fragments dug up in the Castle may be of his time, but it is more likely that his buildings here were of wood, stone being very difficult to obtain at Windsor. In the time of Stephen there is an incidental notice of the Castle having been besieged by the barons, but no direct mention of this. In the treaty of Wallingford, however, it is mentioned as a fortress of importance. The first notice of Windsor Castle in the public records is in the time of Henry II., when a considerable sum was expended in building, and of this period was the King's Gate destroyed in the time of George IV., of which the side walls, with the portcullis groove and the hinges, remain. The doorway of the postern is also of this time, and the passage itself has a vault of late Norman character carried on chalk walls for a short distance as far as the buildings above extended. Most of the fragments dug up are also of this period. In the reigns of Richard I. and John only the necessary repairs were made.

In the time of Henry III, the history of the existing fabric begins. The whole of the Lower Ward was enclosed with a wall and towers, of which there are considerable remains. The prison chamber in the base of the Clewer Tower is quite perfect; the door and windows on the inner side open into the street at the bottom of the inner foss, and were excavated for the recent meeting. Another postern with a staircase in it, of this period, descends from the side of the Clewer Tower is quite perfect; the door and windows on the anner Side open into the bottom of the great outer foss, now Thames Street; this was also opened for the occasion. Under the Garter Tower, the central one of the three lower towers, was a stable-yard and stables, with a fine wide arch of this period, descends from the side of the Clewer Towe

three lower towers, was a stable-yard and stables, with a fine wide arch of this period opening to the same inner road. The arch has been carefully restored by Mr. Salvin. The King's Hall was near the Clewer Tower, and is now the Library of the Dean and Chapter, much modernized, but with a fine old timber roof of the fifteenth

century, when it was probably rebuilt along with the Horse Shoe Cloister, or hospitium adjoining, the form of which was dictated by the old foss. The Royal kitchen was a little beyond the hall, and, following the line of the north wall, was the chamber of the King and Queen, the last remains of which were removed a few years since, but fragments of Early English details found in the walls were exhibited on the spot to the meeting. Further on, along the same wall, was the cloister and chapel, of which we have some remains. The arcade in the cloister and chapel, of which we have some remains. The Galilee porch at the west end of the chapel also remains, with a doorway from the cloister, part of the original work, and an outer doorway of the time of Edward III.

The very beautiful ironwork of the west door of the chapel was removed when the west wall was rebuilt, but preserved by being placed in the central arch of the outer wall behind the altar in St. George's Chapel, in the King's aisle, which is outside of the present chapel. Edward III. did not build a chapel, but completed the one that had been left unfinished by Henry III. The King himself says, in his letters patent of the Oth of August, in the twenty-second year of his reign:—"A certain chapel of suitable beauty for eight secular Canons situate within the Castle of Windsor (wherein is the holy water with which we were baptized) was, to the honour of Edward the Confessor, by our progenitors nobly begun, which we at our royal expense have caused to be perfected." These letters patent were confirmed by a bull of Pope Clement VI., dated at Avignon in 1350; this confirmation being probably necessary on account of the change of the dedication to St. George. The edifice was a very rich chapel of two stories, after the fashion of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. It was rebuilt by Henry VII. as the Lady Chapel to St. George's, but was left in it, whence it is called Wolsey's Tomb House. The burial vault of the present Royal Family, as a memorial to the late Prince Co

The whole of the royal apartments in the Upper Ward, with the fine series of vaults under them, are the work of Wykeham, with the Rose Tower at the south-west corner, so called because with the Rose Tower at the south-west corner, so called because the vaults of fan tracery have a boss in the centre of each carved into the form of a rose. This tower was very richly painted and decorated, and formed an important part of the original royal apartments. The gateway at the north-west corner of the Upper Ward, miscalled the Norman Gate, is part of the work of Wykeham. During the reigns of Edward the First and Second, little had been done beyond completing works in hand, and in the time of Richard II. the works of Edward III. also were completed, but nothing fresh begun.

nothing fresh begun. nothing fresh begun.

The history of the Round Tower, as made out by the recent investigations of the archæologists, is curious and interesting, and very different from the notions on the subject that have been commonly received of late years. It belongs almost as much to the general history of the country as to the mere local annals. It has been usually supposed to have been a Norman structure, and the mound on which it stands to have been made at the same time. Both been usually supposed to have been a Norman structure, and the mound on which it stands to have been made at the same time. Both of these suppositions prove to be erroneous. There is not a yard of Norman masonry about it, and the mound is much older than the building upon it. The tower, though always called round, is not really so; the east side next the upper Castle is flattened to accommodate the building to the form of the mound—a clear proof that the mound was not made for the tower. This is further proved by documentary evidence; the builder's weekly accounts of the building of the tower are preserved in the Public Record Office, and contain no mention of digging out the moat or making the mound. The tower was built entirely in ten months, in the eighteenth year of Edward III. It was built in great haste by the special command of the King, to receive the Round Table for the new order of Knights of the Garter, then just established, and was required to be ready by St. George's day following, for the knights and their friends to dine in. A large number of hands were employed for a few weeks to collect materials, dig out stone, fell trees in the forest, prepare lime-pits and sand-pits, and all things necessary for a great work to be done in a short time. Many were employed in the royal quarry at Bisham, near Marlow on the Thames, a few miles above Windsor, in digging out the chalk or soft stone found there, of which the bulk of the wall consists; but it is faced with better stone, a large proportion of it having been brought from Wheatley in Oxfordshire, and a smaller part from Caen. Some of this was bought in London of the Dean of St. Paul's, who had prepared it for some other purpose, but as that was not enough, three ships' loads were brought direct from Caen. The timber must have been used quite green, as the carpenters were sent out to cut it in the forest. Messengers were despatched to every part of England to impress the most skilful workmen. For a short time as many as 600 men were employed in the Castle, and 122 in the quarry in addition. But the number was soon reduced rapidly, the chroniclers say, on account of the wars and the consequent want of money, but more probably because, when the materials were all prepared, only a small number of hands were required, or could work at the same time. The building is called in the accounts, sometimes the Tower, and sometimes the Table. The drawbridges were strengthened for the purpose of carrying the materials across them, and in various ways it is evident that the circular wall which makes the Round Tower was built to receive the Round Table for the knights to dine at. The table was placed in a wooden gallery within the tower wall, with a passage under it for the servants, and an open space in the centre. The building was covered by a roof of tiles; part of the wooden arcade of the gallery remains, and nearly the whole of the cornice of the roof with the fine mouldings of the fourteenth century. There are entries in the accounts for the purchase of the tiles for covering the wall of the building over the Round Table, and the carting of them from Penn in Buckinghamshire, where they were made, to Windsor. The kitchen for the table was on the top of the square tower on the slope of the mound called the Kitchen Tower, which also served for the tower of a drawbridge over the moat. The table was in all probability long and narrow, consisting of heavy boards of convenient length, standing on tressels of very solid construction, similar to the one of this period still remaining in the hall of Penshurst in Kent. The kings and his sons dined with them, all on the same level, without any high table. The whole cost of the Round Table, with the and issued invitations for a round table of his own, which was built at Amboise. This has been destroyed, but engravings of it are extant. There was a similar Round Tower at Carcassone, of earlier date; but its situation was not convenient for the purpose. There are several other castles with circular keeps built on high earthen mounds, and consisting of a shell or outer wall only, the whole of the interior having been of wood. In all these cases the mound is probably early, belonging to the primitive earth-works, and the stone wall was built upon it long afterwards. The following account of the Round Table is given in Holinshed's Chronicle, evidently copied from the earlier chronicles of the period:—

period:—

This year the King caused a great number of artificers and labourers to be taken up, whome he set in hand to build a chamber in the Castell of Windsore which was called the round table, the floor whereof, from the centre or middle point into the compasse throughout the one half, was (as Walsingham writeth) an hundred foot. The expenses of this worke amounted by the weeke, first unto an hundred pounds, but afterwards, by reason of the warres (in France) that followed, the charges was diminished unto two and twentie pounds the weeke (as Thomas Walsingham writeth in his larger booke intituled the historie of England), or (as some copies have) unto 9 pounds.

The actual amount was 45% in the third week, and only 37% in

several of the later weeks.

The Round Tower at Windsor was raised to double its original The Round Tower at Windsor was raised to double its original height by Wyatville, under George IV., with great advantage to the picturesque effect of the Castle at a distance; all his improvements were made with this object. He had an excellent eye for grand general effect, though he was no archæologist, and despised alike history and details. He gave his mind to the effect only, and in this he was very successful. To raise this tower was no easy matter. The foundations were so bad that the architect dared not add any extra weight to rest upon them; he found the soil to consist entirely of loose chalk to a greater depth than he cared to or. He therefore hit upon the ingenious expedient found the soil to consist entirely of loose chalk to a greater depth than he cared to go. He therefore hit upon the ingenious expedient of building a substantial brick wall resting on a concrete foundation which he made for it; and carried up within the old stone wall like the white of an egg within the shell, and upon this brick wall he could depend to rest his superstructure without trusting to the old wall at all. The whole was faced and pointed in the same manner, with small flints in the joints, like the rest of the Castle; and the entire fabric looks as if it were all built at one time, although the interior is of many different periods.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE doors of Her Majesty's Theatre will close after the performance this evening; but for how long a period we have no means of knowing. Mr. Mapleson has accustomed the public to an autumn season, and an early winter season, in addition to the "Subscription season" and the season of "Farewell performances at reduced prices." His doors are continually being shut, only to be reopened; and if Her Majesty's Theatre symbolised the pugnacity or docility of the State—like the Temple of Janus, the

doors of which being open meant, according to the historian, that the country was at war ("ut in arms esse civitutem"), and being closed, that it was at peace with all the world—England, though not uninterruptedly engaged in war, would have been incessantly arming and unarming; for since the time of Lumley, who raised a temple to Art just as Numa Pompilius raised a temple to Janus, the portals of Her Majesty's Theatre have been opened and shut, not only twice, but twenty times at least. Thackeray somewhere describes the impression left by a performance of Lord Lytton's Richelieu as of a continual opening and banging of doors; and not very dissimilar must be the impression left in the mind of an opera-goer by the five or six years of Mr. Mapleson's reign in the Haymarket. That reign, however, has been fruitful, more especially of late.

The director of Her Majesty's Theatre has not redeemed all his pledges, but he has adhered closely enough to the letter of his prospectus to win more than ordinary consideration. The commencement of his season did not promise largely. The opera on the opening night (April the 7th) was the dismal Trovatore, with Madlle. Sinico as Leonora, Signor Stagno as Manrico, Mr. Santley as Di Luna, and Madame de Meric Lablache as Azucena. Madame Lablache (formerly of the Covent Garden troupe) had not been heard in England for sixteen years. Either she left us too soon or came back to us too late; for her impersonation of the "inauspicious and ghastly woman" (as Signor Manfredo Maggioni designates the most insupportable of operation less than upon tenors, barytones, and sopranos; and with a young and prepossessing singer like Madlle. Bettelheim on her way, the manager might safely have postponed II Trovatore. His subscribers could have waited. Signor Stagno, very good in small parts, was overtaxed in Manrico; while Madlle. Sinico, perhaps the most versatile and useful member of the establishment, just, and only just, fell short of the desired standard that should render her generally acceptab and only just, fell short of the desired standard that should render her generally acceptable in such uphill characters as Leonora. Thus the only unexceptionable part of the performance was the Count di Luna of Mr. Santley. The second performance brought forward one of the promised new singers, Signor Arvini—or rather Monsieur Arvin, a tenor from the French provincial theatres. This did not improve matters; for though Signor Stagno was comparatively incompetent, M. Arvin was decidedly bad, and he speedily and wisely retreated to the scene of his early aspirations, which he never should have been tempted to quit. To Il Trovatore succeeded I Puvitani, with Mr. Hohler as Arturo. The applause that greeted the English tenor's every effort must still linger in the ears of those who were present. Hardly so the voice of Mr. Hohler, who after appearing two or three times in the same opera vanished to be seen no more, until late in the season, on an "off-night," when he came forward once again, as Elvino, in the Sonnambula, and once again retired to be forgotten, or only remembered as a three nights' wonder. Nevertheless, Mr. Hohler (who—mirabile dictu!—again crops up, to-night, as Faust, a character which without dramatic ability cannot be even decently supported) is not without gifts that, turned to good account, might warrant fair hopes of him. Ba voice without cultivation is only half way to the goal; and Mr. Hohler, remembering the words of the old poet—

For if thou dost not ply thy book By candle-light to study bent, &c. -

should act upon them perseveringly. There is no other chance of his attaining that distinction to which it must be presumed he aspires. In other respects the performance of *I Puritan* was not remarkable. Madlle. Sinico's zeal, cleverness, and invariable tact are still insufficient to meet all the requirements of a part like Elvins, which comes within the scope of none but singers of the first rank, and which the regretted Madame Bosio was the last to attempt with any degree of genuine success. The basses were

which comes within the scope of none but singers of the first rank, and which the regretted Madame Bosio was the last to attempt with any degree of genuine success. The basses were M. Gassier (an unexpected and a welcome acquisition)* and Signor Foli; but Riccardo and Giorgio may be said to have disappeared with Tamburini and the great Lablache, the true Fratres Helena whose light has never been eclipsed.

Up to this time, it is clear, there had not been much to brag of at Her Majesty's Theatre; but Italian opera having, for evident reasons, failed to attract, the German Weber, with the greatest of existing German stage-singers to back him, came to the rescue; and though the execution was still not all that could be wished, Der Freischitz, with Madlle, Tietjens as Agatha, Madlle, Sinico as Anna and Mr. Santley as Caspar, produced the first real sensation, of the season. The weak point in the performance—the Rodolphe of Signor Stagno—was inevitable under the circumstances; while a strong point, wholly unanticipated, was the Killian of M. Gassier, who endows with a certain individuality whatever character, however subordinate, he may undertake. Then there was the orchestra, which Signor Arditi conducts so well, and the chorus, now unrivalled in Europe—both of which are well provided for in the characteristic music of Weber; to say nothing of the picturesque scenery and clever stage-contrivances of Mr. Telbin. The evening with Der Freischitz was, in short, an evening of almost unalloyed enjoyment, and a thoroughly musical evening to boot. What a pity that the last finale, which exhibits in so strong a light the failing that alone deprives Weber of a place among the greatest composers—a want of

^{*} The name of this ready and excellent artist was not in the prospectus.

the developing power—should also prevent his very best work from being recognised not only as the most German of German operas, but as a masterpiece without qualification! To Der Freischütz succeeded Donizetti's Lucreita Borgia, Madlle. Tietjens, apparently resolved to wear the mantle of Madame Grisi as well as that of Schroeder Devrient, sustaining the part of the Duchess of Ferrara; Madame de Meric Lablache gaining little ground by her assumption of that of Maffeo Orsini, in which her execution of the brindis was more prolix than lively; M. Gassier playing the Duke, a character which he seems to share with Mr. Santley; and Signor Gardoni—Mr. Lumley's new tenor on that memorable night of the 16th of February 1847, when the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre first made head against the formidable opposition that had deprived him of orchestra, chorus, conductor and troop of singers—representing the unfortunate youth, Gennaro, with as much natural grace as though nearly twenty years had not gone by since his début in the Favorita. Donizetti was the bridge over which we were carried from Weber to Beethoven. The undying Fidelio came next in order—with the best of Fidelios, in Madlle. Tietjens; the best of Marcellinas, in Madlle. Sinico, whose talent has as many sides as a chameleon has hues; not the best of Florestans, in Signor Gardoni, who, by transposing the alleyro of bis sign in the prison. from F to E flat, snoils the whole scene is an experience of the prison. Tietjens; the best of Marcellinas, in Madlle. Sinico, whose talent has as many sides as a chameleon has hues; not the best of Florestans, in Signor Gardoni, who, by transposing the allegro of his air in the prison, from F to E flat, spoils the whole scene; an excellent Jacquino in Signor Stagno; a Pizarro, in Mr. Santley, worthy to mate with Mr. Santley's admirable Caspar; and a Rocco, in Signor Bossi, about as mediocre as the Rocco of last year—Signor Marcello Junca—wasgood. Either theservices of Signor Junca should have been retained, or those of Herr Rokitanski have been secured earlier in the season. It is a pity to spoil a magnificent performance of Fidelio; and that the performance of Beethoven's open at Her Majesty's Theatre, some slight deficiencies admitted, is fairly entitled to the epithet, none can deny. Better have deferred the representation until the arrival of Dr. Gunz, who can sing Florestan's air without transposing it; better have telegraphed to every musical city in Europe for somebody more competent to appear as the good-natured gaoler than Signor Bossi, whose masal tones are by no means edifying in such music. In matters of this kind the responsibility devolves upon the conductor. After Fidelio came Faust, a work as popular as the other is great, and which Mr. Mapleson may claim the credit of having made generally known to London before the manager of the rival their could ever prove a mine of wealth to which, in Donne's quaint phrase, which, in Donne's quaint phrase,

- that rich Indie which doth gold interr,

the most attractive operas in his repertory—would, at least for a period, be "as single money." Of Faust at Her Majesty's Theatre it is unnecessary to say a word. The Margaret of Madlle. Tietjens, unequalled in the two great scenes of the Church and the Prison; the Valentine of Mr. Santley, Theatre it is unnecessary to say a word. The Margaret of Madlle. Tietjens, unequalled in the two great scenes of the Church and the Prison; the Valentine of Mr. Santley, both in a vocal and a dramatic sense the best that has been seen; the somewhat restless, but otherwise effective Mephistopheles of M. Gassier; the Faust of Signor Gardoni, graceful and winning; and last not least the Siebel of Madlle. Bettelheim, so full of vivacity and charm, are familiar figures. Whether the attraction of Faust is beginning to fade we cannot undertake to say, but certainly the performances of M. Gounod's opera at Her Majesty's Theatre have been much less frequent than of old. That with all its unquestionable merit, Faust, like its composer, is somewhat over-estimated few can deny; but the same thing may be said of Il Trovatore, and the composer of Il Trovatore is and Signor Verdi and his bombastic opera have enjoyed a much more protracted career. Il Trovatore has been given at intervals throughout the season, at both houses, not only on its own account, but often, much to the dissatisfaction of those who are not disposed to rate the "Swan of Busseto" so high as the Verdists quand même, in place of other operas announced but, for various reasons, withdrawn at the last moment. One failure in Il Trovatore was not sufficient for a season; and so we have to record another, in Madlle. Louise Lichtmay, who made her debut as Leonora, and very shortly after silently vanished, to no one's surprise and to no one's disappointment. Madlle. Lichtmay's singing was pronounced "intrinsically mediocre and superfluously energetic," her Italian a sort of baragouinage, like the Gascon denounced by the elder De Balzac, as French of the "Barbarie de Quercy et de Perigord." Even Italians could not make it out, while to non-Italians it was hardly more intelligible than the "unknown tongues" of Irving. As a balance, however, this otherwise by no means welcome revival of Il Trovatore brought back, after an absence of some years, the "most renowned teno

readily show how easy it is for a practised artist to play with trivial music than Plumkett, Lionel's friend; no part in which a singer, like Signor Mongini, with the means of a Colossus, can less naturally condescend to the vocal emissions of a pigmy than Lionel. If Martha were defunct, and Il Trovatore at its last gasp, there would be scant mourners in the world of music.

Over the next event in the record of the operatic campaign we would willingly cast a cloud, like that in which the goddess enveloped her favourite hero on the point of imminent discomfiture at the siege of Troy. Madame Grisi, the main cause of maring Mr. Lumley, who was the main cause of making Madame Grisi, had already, more than once or twice (beginning with the Royal Italian Opera in 1854), taken formal leave of the English public. But on behalf of such old and tried servants there is always a certain degree of tenderness; and Mr. Mapleson, well aware of this, had "prevailed upon Madame Grisi to revisit the scene of her early triumphs"—in other words, to give "a limited number of performances" at Her Majesty's Theatre. The fountain of tenderness, however, had been so largely drawn upon that it was dried up; and whee Madame Grisi came forth once more, as Lucrezia Borgia, asking for sympathetic tears, she found only laughter. It was as and evening, and it is to be hoped that the angel of pity may treat it as she treated the oath of Uncle Toby. When the biography of Grisi is written let us trust that the record of this single passage may be erased.

Immediately upon this melancholy fiasco followed a brilliant

treat it as she treated the oath of Uncle Toby. When the biography of Grisi is written let us trust that the record of this single passage may be erased.

Immediately upon this melancholy fiasco followed a brilliant revival. If executive art must die, creative art is immortal. Grisi, whose caree: reckoned not much over thirty years, had vainly evoked sympathy for the past; but Gluck's Iphigenia in Tauris, full ninety years old, came back as fresh as yesterday. This revival, or rather introduction, for Iphigénie had never previously been heard among us in Italian, is, that of Cherubini's Medée alone excepted—which (as Medea) was produced last year under precisely similar circumstances—the most memorable incident of Mr. Mapleson's management and of Signor Arditi's musical directorship. A more complete and legitimate success was never achieved. At the same time, there is danger of putting Gluck, as musican, in a false position. We must not forget that the system upon which he avowedly worked was the first blow aimed at the musical art in its connection with dramatic expression; that but for Gluck there would have been no Wagner, and that Taunhäuser, Lohengrin, Tristan, and the rest are all more or less directly founded upon Gluck's theory. The real interest felt in Gluck is almost purely historical. Among the accepted great composers—and that he was a great dramatic composer there can be no doubt—Gluck was the least musically endowed by nature, and no instance of a lyric masterpiece exists wherein abstract music plays a more comparatively insignificant part than in his admitted cape d'opera. Still a lyric masterpiece exists wherein abstract music plays a more com-paratively insignificant part than in his admitted capo d'opera. Still paratively insignificant part than in his admitted capo d'opera. Still Iphigenia in Tauris possesses a certain value even from a musical point of view. It made dramatic composers serious, and was an immense advance in the art of lyrical declamation. Piccini, Gluck's rival and as an abstract musician unquestionably his superior, is forgotten; while Gluck himself lives and will live, because he wrote sincerely and not merely for the sake of ad captandum effect. Moreover, he was, in his way, a genius, and, if in principle he discarded formal tune, he was—as Orphée, and even Iphigenie, shows—a gifted melodist. That his theory was a mistaken theory has been generally allowed; otherwise the art of dramatic composition, so far as music has anything to do with it, would long ago have died out. Happily Mozart arose, and taking from Gluck that which was excellent in Gluck, rejected the rest. Upon the performance of Iphigenia in Tauris at Her Majesty's Theatre it is unnecessary again to dwell. The simple fact that it gave fresh scope to the genius of Madlle. Tietjens, and enabled her to creato a new part worthy to rank with her magnificent Medea, was enough a new part worthy to rank with her magnificent Medea, was enough to establish its importance. Nor is the Orestes of Mr. Santley likely to establish its importance. Nor is the Orestes of Mr. Santley likely soon to be forgotten, nor the Pylades of Signor Gardoni, nor the Thoas of M. Gassier—all performances more or less significant. The Huguenots brought Madlle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini together, as Valentin and Raoul, with an effect not easy to describe, Madlle. Sinico again showing her versatility in the part of the Queen, Mr. Santley and M. Gassier representing Nevers and St. Bris, Madlle. Bettelheim Urbain, and Herr Rokitansky Marcel, in a style that more nearly recalled the Marcel of Herr Formes (the best of recent times) that any other Marcel was since there formes the severage of the since the same than the since the same than the times) than any other Marcel who, since Herr Formes, has appeared at either house

In mid-season, again came forward, characteristically enough, the operatic meteor, Midlle. Ilma de Murska, who twelve months previous had taken London by storm, and sustained the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre. Madlle. de Murska would have been an acquisition after Mr. Lumley's own heart. With that gentleman's singular tact, he would have made a fortune out of her. The Hungarian would have been a revival of the Swede—Ilma de Murska a new Jenny Lind. Mr. Mapleson, however, who views things more soberly, if less diplomatically, has permitted Madlle. de Murska to take her own course; and if she has succeeded in creating an extraordinary impression, it is due to her own unaided exertions. That she should appear again as Lucia di Lammermoor, for the love of whom young Ravenswood trembled as Phædria for the love of Thais—cor praximum ori—was natural enough. In that part she first astonished an English audience, which went

^{*} Lady Henriette—the music by M. Flotow himself—produced at the Grand Opera in Paris.

An example which, strangely enough, has been followed by the noteriously punctifious Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind).

mad with her madness, and in that part she has since maintained her supremacy. But of the idiosyncrasies of this very original artist—her merits and her defects—we have spoken more than once. She was now coupled with an Edgardo, in Signor Mongini, able to woo her with glowing ardour, curse her with appropriate vehemence, and mourn over her with pathetic intensity—an irregular genius like herself, quite as richly endowed, if not quite so sympathetic and interesting. Her second part was Amina, in La Somambula, where again she was associated with Signor Mongini, a somewhat impetuous Elvino, who, like every Elvino of recent years, transposed and curtailed the last movement of his great air ("Ah perchè non posso odiarti"), which no tenor since Rubbin has been able to sing as it was intended by the composer; Bellini in this instance, like Donizetti in another, having foolishly laboured rather for the display of a particular singer's qualities than for pure artistic expression and enduring fame. Madlle, de Murska's Amina was last year; the same Amina handed down to us by Malibran, and which Malibran no more invented than Nero (Pliny notwithstanding) invented snow-water, Pasta having preceded her, and Amina, only possible in one way, being as little open as Norma (also Pasta's creation) to a "new version." With Dinorah the case is quite different. Many varieties of Dinorah have been witnessed, simply because Dinorah is a mere fantastic creation; and Madlle. de Murska's representation of this character, in the fine performance of Meyerbeer's delightful pastoral at Her Majesty's Theatre, was entirely her own—as novel and striking as it was charming. This revived all the enthuisam that had been excited a year before by Lucia, and again the fair Hungarian became a "town talk." Altogether, however, the Dimorah of Mr. Mapleson (or rather of Signor Arditi) must count among the striking incidents of a season more than usually rife with provocatives to interest. Mr. Santley is as certainly the best Hoel (all deference to M. Fau mad with her madness, and in that part she has since maintained her supremacy. But of the idiosyncrasies of this very original artist—her merits and her defects—we have spoken

a short notice (as he had previously undertaken Serastro, in Il Flauto Magico) in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Rokitanski, was, under the circumstances, one of the most meritorious performances we can call to mind.

performances we can call to mind.

The inconveniently late arrival of Madame Trebelli-Bettini and her husband was, however, better late than never. They combined their talents in an excellent performance of the evergreen Barbiere, and helped materially to strengthen the cast of Weber's romantic Oberon—the lady, moreover, by her fine classical singing as Arsace in Semiramide, proving that though Alboni has abandoned professional life there is still a vocalist left to execute the contratto music of Rossini. Signor Tasca, too, besides playing Robert, has done good service of late by filling, to the best of his ability, and not always unsuccessfully, the parts which, had Signor Mongini remained, would have remained to Signor Mongini. Mongini.

A revival of Le Noze di Figaro—with Madlles. Tietjens and Sinico as the Countess and Susanna, Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Cherubino, Mr. Santley as the Count, M. Gassier as Figaro, and Cherubino, Air. Santiey as the Count, M. Gassier as Figaro, and Signors Bettini and Bossi as Basilio and Bartolo—and one (only one) representation of Cherubini's Medea, with the same cast as last year (Madlle. Tietjens, Madlle. Sinico, Miss Laura Harris, Dr. Gunz, and Mr. Santley—Medea, Neris, Dirce, Jason, and Creon) are the last events of sufficient importance to be named. As far as regards the musical execution generally, the performance of these masterpieces of Mozart and Cherubini were in almost every respect to be commended.

So satisfactory for the most part has been the conduct of the

So satisfactory for the most part has been the conduct of the season just expired that few will feel disposed to call the manager to account for certain unavoidable shortcomings—the non-appearance, for example, of two or three new singers unknown to

fame and of one or two whom fame has recognised; the non-production even of the Donna del Lago of Rossini, the Vestale of Spontini (Mr. Mapleson's Don Sebastiano and very nearly as dull as Mr. Gyo's); the non-revival of M. Gounod's Mireille, in fine, and Otto Nicolai's Falstaff. That Mr. Mapleson has gained a classical reputation for his enterprise cannot be disputed. The mere fact that Der Freischütz, Fidelio, Iphigenia in Tuaris, Il Seraglio, Il Flauto Magico, Le Nozze di Figaro and Medea have been frequently heard, in the midst of a large and varied repertory of operas more essentially popular, is enough to establish it, and enough to cause every lover of genuine music to take a real interest in Her Majesty's Theatre. Moreover, a tenor has been found, in Signor Mongini, competent to atone for what was almost universally considered the irreparable loss of Signor Giuglini, and a soprano, in Madlle. de Murska, to support the credit of the house on those nights when Madlle. Tietjens doe not sing; and as it is impossible (and would be unadvisable) for Madlle. Tietjens to sing every night during the season, this is an not sing; and as it is impossible (and would be unadvisable)
Madlle. Tietjens to sing every night during the season, this is
acquisition of the highest consequence.

REVIEWS.

INTERNATIONAL POLICY.

INTERNATIONAL POLICY.

THIS volume contains a series of essays written to show that there are new principles on which the policy of nations to each other may be based, that very grave evils have sprung from inattention to these principles, and that there are practical steps of great importance which might be taken if these principles found acceptance. The common bond which links the essaysits together is a belief in these principles and in the philosophy of Comte, and it is quite clear that in their minds the belief in these principles is connected with the belief in Comte's philosophy; although, when we find that their chief doctrine is that international policy should be based on morality, not on selfishness, it may seem to other minds as if this tenet might be held quite apart from any knowledge whatever of Comte and his writings. There is much that is really valuable in the volume—much research, much spirited writing, some good reflections and suggestions; it puts many things before us that are worth thinking of, and recalls many things that are worth remembering. The general conclusion forced upon us, indeed, is that, in the main, the writers only express what the great bulk of educated Englishmen think about international policy, and that when anything special is offered us it is almost always demonstrably wrong. But Comtism certainly ought to be credited with the enthusiasm that has set so many competent men to take so much trouble, and to think and write a nuceh. Of course the different seavay are of ungonal Comtism certainly ought to be credited with the enthusiasm that has set so many competent men to take so much trouble, and to think and write so much. Of course the different essays are of unequal merit. The general principle, that morality, not selfishness, should prevail, does not afford such full and definite guidance as to give value to the essay of an inferior essayist. When the essayists in this volume are by habit just, scrupulous, and liberal thinkers, they write like Mr. Harrison and Mr. Bridges; when they are represented that we have the set of the serious that we have the serious that serious the serious that the serious the serious that the serious are paradoxical, they write like Mr. Congreve; and when they are more commonplace, they write like some of the other essayists whom it is unnecessary to mention by name, although all the essays have merits of their own, and are more or less readable and interesting the statement of the same of interesting.

Mr. Congreve opens the volume with an essay which is intended to serve as the key to all those which follow it. The burden of Mr. Congreve's utterance is to this effect:—Catholicism, he of Mr. Congreve's utterance is to this effect:—Catholicism, he says, has failed, is worn out, and can no longer do what it did. But something that will answer the same purpose must be found. The way to find it is to look at the course of modern history, and to recognise the wide scope towards which human effort is now directed. Man becomes gradually more competent to manage his own affairs, and he becomes less satisfied with any other aim than that of caring for the interests of his whole race. All divisions of man are seen to be "organs of one common organism, humanity." But all these organs are not equal. There is a hierarchical cordination of humanity, and men have always recognised this, the most conspicuous instances being the respect given to Imperial and But all these organs are not equal. There is a hierarchical coordination of humanity, and men have always recognised this, the most conspicuous instances being the respect given to Imperial and afterwards to Papal Rome. But experience shows that the supreme power of humanity is not meant to be any one single nation or power. The true supreme power must be analogous to the general body it represents; it must be diverse and yet coherent. It must be something wider than the State, not so wide as humanity. This something is to be found, Mr. Congreve thinks, in what he calls the West, which is entitled to guide and lead mankind. Now what gives a European nation the right to form part of this supreme power? The test is, that the nations admitted shall have shared in the great influences of civilization—the influences of Greece, Rome, Catholicism, and Feudalism. By this test Russia will be altogether excluded, and the five nations admitted will be France, Italy, Spain, England, and Germany. Further, this will determine the relative order of the States forming the new supreme power, for they are to be arranged according to the degree in which they have imbibed the influences in virtue of which they are admitted. England, for example, comes below France, Italy, and Spain, because she missed the great advantage of being thoroughly domi-

^{*} International Policy. Essays on the Foreign Relations of England. London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.

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nated by Rome; but she can claim, through the Normans, enough affinity to France to place her above Germany. This supreme power is also to have satellites which are to be recognised as alcin to it for some special reason. The chief of these are Poland, because it is Catholic; Greece, because it is the geographical home of the old Greek civilization; and Turkey, because it has the merit of not being Christian. In this way, and with Russia carefully excluded, and a hierarchical supreme power properly established, and England recognising the unquestionable superiority that Spain possesses over her, we might have a state of communion and sympathy such as was once "the order of Europe before the so-called Reformation." Or rather, we should have something better than that, in proportion as the idea of the West is nobler and more practical and complete than the idea of Christendom. When once the new supreme power was established it would act in many salutary ways. It would, in the first place, develop the education of the West, for it would teach the West to act on new principles, and to imbibe these principles by acting on them. In the next place, it would replace mere negative principles, like that of the Balance of Power and that of Nationalities, by the positive principle of all men acting on a new belief. Lastly, it would put Europe in the proper relation to semi-civilized and barbarous nations. The missionaries sent out under the present order of things are "a mere evil"; but semi-civilized nations will be welcomed in such countries as China, when they come there, not to teach an effect religion, missionaries sent out time the present order of things are a meterit"; but semi-civilized nations will be welcomed in such countries as China, when they come there, not to teach an effete religion, but to represent the hierarchical organ of humanity, and at any rate their duties towards the Chinese will be of the simplest kind, as all that the West has to do in Asia is not to protect its own

unscrupulous traders.

We like knowing what Mr. Congreve thinks, but we do not consider it necessary to criticize his sentiments in detail, and this for two reasons. In the first place, he writes in the manner of those great French authors who have invented an historical method of their own which seems to claim, on the very face of it that it had been accounted as the contract of the second for two reasons. In the first place, he writes in the manner of those great French authors who have invented an historical method of their own which seems to claim, on the very face of it, that it shall not be examined by a peddling criticism. M. Michelet and M. Victor Hugo are the great masters of this method. They enunciate doctrines, and support them by historical details, with an ease and certainty of statement, and a boundlessness of knowledge, that make any pretence to check and inquire into the truth and accuracy of what is said seem wholly irrelevant and very presumptuous. The kind of enunciation which fills pages on pages of M. Victor Hugo's later novels is familiar to all readers. "There are three men in all history who have seen the true relation of metaphysics and osteology—Pherakles of Megara; Yung Fooching, a Civil Service Examiner under the Ming dynasty; and Hamilear B. Squilk, of Illinois, U.S." When we come to a statement of this kind we know that we are meant to accept it, not to criticize it. How could we criticize it? It is no use looking in any ordinary dictionary for Pherakles and Squilk. The names are not there, and if they were, the compilers of the dictionary would not have had M. Hugo's means of knowing what these people thought about metaphysics and osteology. In the same way, when our author tells us that humanity requires an analogous hierarchical organ, that England is inferior to Spain intellectually and morally, and that missionaries are a mere evil—we know that arguing about these dicta is useless, and that all we can do is to read and to a ness on. In the next place, we are placed to find that hierarchical organ, that England is inferior to Spani intellectually and morally, and that missionaries are a mere evil—we know that arguing about these dicta is useless, and that all we can do is to read and to pass on. In the next place, we are pleased to find that, when we get to the other essays in the volume, all this special philosophy of the new hierarchy fades out of sight. It is to be presumed that Mr. Congreve's friends agree with him in a general way, but they appear to agree with him as M. Hugo's friends may be supposed to agree with that great novelist. They admire him, and like his tone, and are lost in wonder at his universal knowledge, but they do not tie themselves down to Pherakles and Squilk. Mr. Harrison, for example, follows Mr. Congreve with an excellent essay on France and England. It is sensible, moderate, and in very good style, but it expresses the ordinary opinions of English Liberals. It is exactly what Lord Stanley has said, or might say, in Parliament. There is nothing in it about organs of humanity, or the superiority of Spain to England on account of its admirable bigotry, or the advantages which Turkey as a Mahometan Power has over Russia, which adds to its degrading barbarism the stupidity of being Christian. It is all plain sailing when we get to Mr. Harrison's essay. Except that the language is much clearer and better, and the thoughts appear to be those of a man who can think two days running in the same way, we might seem to be reading a leader in the Times. We have nothing to do but to express our acceptance of what Mr. Harrison says. What he advocates is "a well-considered agreement with the French nation upon the main features of our joint and accept it. A hierarchy of humanity, in which France is to come first and England fourth, is a grand conception, but we do not know what to say to it. It is all Pherakles and Squilk to us. But "a well-considered agreement with the French nation," although a much humbler arrangement, is practical, intelligible, and acceptable.

and acceptable.

The same remark applies to the only other essay that calls for notice. Mr. Bridges writes on China, and he writes very well. He gives an admirable history of the first and second Chinese wars, and he points out how audacious and how enormous was the wrong we did in insisting that the Chinese Government should allow opium to be introduced into China because it suited us to grow and import it. But the only conclusion to which Mr. Bridges guides us is, that we should not commit such a wrong again, and that we should not protect English traders when they

act unjustly and fraudulently. Mr. Bridges is quite right, and general opinion is gradually forming itself in accordance with his views. England advances, and so does Europe, and each generation thinks things wrong which the generation before it thought permissible. The first China war would not be possible now; and the Foreign Office is less expected every year to interfere unless aggrieved Englishmen have clearly a good case. So well written an easany as that which Mr. Bridges has contributed to this volume will doubtless do something to promote a right conception of our national duties in the matter; but a right opinion has been formed, and may be increased, without any reference whatever to Mr. Congreve's special philosophy. There is a general advance of this right opinion in all European nations, even in Spain, which is so superior to England, but which happens to be the only European and Christian country that tolerates slavery. And as this advance is common to all mainors, so it is common to all men of equal knowledge and education in each country. There is often in these essays a passing sarcasm at the clergy, and especially at the English clergy, because they have not guided politicians better. This is, we think, a mere anachronism. In the dark ages, as they are called, the clergy were much more educated than other men. They alone had access to the sacred volume; they alone had some slight communion with antiquity; and they had an honest belief that they were divinely commissioned to guide men. But now all this is changed. A clergyman has no means whatever of forming an opinion on political questions that other men have not. He cannot possibly believe that it is his especial duty to guide men to political truth, for no one would recognise his authority if he tried to exercise it; and, far from having special advantages, he has special disadvantages, for most laymen think it polite, and a tribute to the cloth, to conceal their more liberal opinions in presence of a clergyman. He spends his life in assoc

LES FOURCHES CAUDINES.*

RENCH novelists certainly deserve something of the praise which an old superstition attributes to French cooks, as a "wonderful race who can make soup out of a nettle." The bitterest enemy of an English novelist with any pretensions to popularity could scarcely wish him a worse punishment than to be called on to make an interesting story out of the materials which M. Amédée Achard has thought sufficient for Les Fourches Caudines. Until almost the close of the book the author is resolutely content with four characters; even the fifth and last has to M. Amédée Achard has thought sufficient for Les Fourches Caudines. Until almost the close of the book the author is resolutely content with four characters; even the fifth and last has to make room for himself by shooting off one of the first four, and, as if this were not alone enough to justify his intrusion, does his best matrimonially to absorb another. Four characters would go about as far to make an English sensation novel of the present day as a nettle would go to make an alderman's soup. Bigamy alone requires three, and although by strict economy two of them could be used as victims, and the third as villain, not Hercules nor Mr. Parry could get through all the miscellaneous work of eavesdropping, witnessing, and generally interfering that would devolve upon the fourth. Nor, from the sensational point of view, do M. Achard's materials make up in quality what they want in quantity. His three heroes and two heroines cannot muster one mysterious marriage-certificate or suspicious strawberry-mark between them, and are all more or less the commonplace sort of people you may meet in any drawing-room. The sixth commandment is not broken once, unless indeed death by duel must in these degenerate days be considered murder; and nothing could be more gentlemanlike, or, for a French novelist, more forbearing, than M. Achard's treatment of the seventh.

Yet, incredible as the achievement may appear, accomplished with such scanty materials, Les Fourches Caudines is thoroughly readable, and it is scarcely too much to say that the interest never flags. Whatever else an author may lose by extreme simplicity of

^{*} Les Fourches Caudines. Par Amédée Achard. Paris : Hachette et Cle.

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plot and paucity of characters, he has at least the great advantage of being able to keep his machinery under better control than is possible, for any but an artist of the highest order, where the machinery is planned on a large or intricate scale. How great may be the advantage thus gained is strikingly shown by the novel before us. Although a writer of considerable ability, M. Achard cannot certainly claim to be considered an artist of the first order, and yet it would be difficult to find, even among works of far higher pretensions, the thoroughly artistic unity of design and clearness of execution which characterize Les Fourches Caudines; and these are obviously gained by the sacrifice which the author has had the rare courage to make of variety. He has so few figures to colour and dispose that he is able to lay out his whole strength upon them, nor is there any underplot to interfere with the main action of the piece, or divert attention from the central group upon whom the interest hangs. The conception upon which the story is based, and which is somewhat vaguely foreshadowed in the title, is a life-long retribution following the violation of the marriage-vow. One false step remorselessly blights the happiness of a whole life. It is in fact the same idea as that which George Eliot has so powerfully illustrated in the career of Mrs. Transome; but there is this difference between Feiix Holl and Les Fourches Caudines, that in the former the idea plays only a subordinate, in the latter a prominent, part. And, without instituting on general grounds any comparison between M. Achard and the first of contemporary English novelists, it is perhaps only fair to him to admit that in one essential respect his treatment of the idea is superior even to that of George Eliot. The retribution inflicted upon Mrs. Transome is almost wholly material. Her remorse for the sin is throughout subordinate to her fear of its possible consequences, if indeed she can strictly be considered as feeling remorse at all. But in Les Fourche in Les Fourches Caudines the sin is treated mainly in its effect upon the character of the sinner, in the moral revolution which, apart from all consideration of material consequences, it works in the inner world of emotion and thought. The latter conception inner world of emotion and thought. The latter conception appears to us not only loftier, but more true to nature, and therefore to art. The association between sin and material punishment is, at least in this world, accidental. A prolonged career of crime does not necessarily close in misfortune; far less does it follow that one false step, soon repented of, should involve irreparable ruin. This is not even the ordinary result; the sinner more frequently escapes than not. And hence, to dwell too exclusively upon the material retribution that awaits him is to establish a dancerous association between failure and crime. But whatever dangerous association between failure and crime. But, whatever may be the material consequences of crime, its moral consequences are inevitable. In some way it must influence the inner life of the criminal, whether it deadens the perception of virtue, or, as in Les Fourches Caudines, awakens the pangs of humiliation and remorse. The latter effect it can, of course, only have on a and remorse. The latter effect it can, of course, only have on a highly sensitive and exalted nature, and some difficulty has to be overcome in the task of drawing a character keenly alive to the beauties of virtue, yet capable of vice. A French author more especially runs the risk, in such an attempt, of exhibiting a character full of the weakest and sickliest sentimentalism, taking refuge from the violation of human laws in high-flown nonsense about the narrow-mindedness of man and the harshness of fate.

M. Achard has, however, accomplished his task very creditably in the skilful union of weakness and strength presented by Madame de Merris. Her parents have made a mariage de convenunce for her

de Merris. Her parents have made a mariage de convenence for her with a man who is all that a husband should be, with the one trifling exception that he is not and never has been in love with his wife. exception that he is not and never has been in love with his wife. He is overflowing with good nature, is never guilty of the slightest deviation from politeness, nor grudges her any pleasure that money can procure. But it never seems to occur to him, as a polished man of the world, that a wife whom he has married merely to facilitate certain pecuniary arrangements between her parents and his own can be so absurdly romantic as to expect from her husband, not diamonds and opera-boxes, but devoted love. As she is gifted with unusually strong affections, and is capable of the most passionate attachment, her life is naturally not a very happy one; but M. de Merris attributes all her disquietude, or rather as much of it as he finds time to notice, to her weakmindedness in not, like himself, pursuing pleasure in every shape and form. Matters are going on in this unsatisfactory way, and poor Madame de Merris is getting more and more addicted to heartaches and headaches, when a M. de Brévans, Colonel of Zouaves, appears upon the scene, and lays siege to her on the most scientific principles. He enjoys the advantage of being fresh from a campaign against the Arabs in which he has greatly distinguished himself, and is generally treated in society as one of the heroes and fashionable lions of the day. But, beyond the mere courage of the soldier, set off by certain showy but superficial attainments, there is really nothing whatever of the hero about him. He is essentially commonplace, and perhaps only redeemed from downright coarseness and vulgarity by his thorough knowledge of the world. Madame de Merris, however, whose imagination has caught fire at his military exploits, and whose ardent temperament and genuine enthusiasm for all that is great make her only too prone to hero-worship, discovers in him a Bayard of the true type. Perhaps the cleverest part of the book is the description of the way in which she idealizes his commonest actions, and, although by no means wanting in shrewdness and common sense, blinds herself He is overflowing with good nature, is never guilty of the slightest

which she is suddenly aroused by the dangerous illness of her husband. Recalled to a sense of her duty, she watches by his bedside with the tenderest devotion, and with his recovery commences the retribution which gives the novel its name. His dangerous illness has worked a complete change in the character of M. de Merris. It has given him, for the first time in his life, leisure to reflect upon the reckless levity of his career, and the heartlessness with which he has met his wife's affection fills him with the keenest remorse. He has never for one moment suspected her of infidelity, and the beauty of her character at last dawns upon him. To his former indifference succeeds passionate and almost idolatrous adoration, until the growing sense of her unworthiness of the homage he lavishes upon her gets more and more painful for Madame de Merris to bear. Her position becomes inexpressibly trying to a nature thoroughly frank and open, abhorring whatever bears even the semblance of hypocrisy and deceit, and her humiliation is tenfold increased by the discovery that the man for whom she had betrayed the husband now so devoted to her, and had sacrificed all that seemed best and dearest in life, was utterly unworthy of her love. Every fresh proof of her husband's adoration intensifies the pain of her silence, and she is on the verge of confessing her guilt when a friend, whose worldly wisdom makes a very good foil to the almost romantic elevation of Madame de Merris's character, succeeds in arresting the confession by forcibly pointing out the unmerited misery it must entail upon her husband and helpless children. It is no slight proof of the vividness with which M. Achard has wrought out his conception of Madame de Merris's retribution, and of the respect which, even in the midst of her humiliation, he secures for her, that the reader fully accepts the somewhat hard theory that she considers her enforced silence a far graver punishment than even the hopeless ruin which confession might involve:—

Lorsque certaines natures, excessives dans leurs instincts, tendres, passionnées, amoureuses d'élan et de vérité, ont été jetées dans des situations difficiles, elles en acceptent, avec une sorte d'enthousiasme, les conséquences les plus désastreuses, et préfèrent les coups dont elles sont menacées aux vulgarités des ruptures banales commandées par les usages et revêtues d'une politesse glacée. Dans ces dénouements que le monde couvre d'un voile de complaisance elles trouvent un abaissement qui les humilie et les froisse. Perdues, elles se croiraient plus grandes.

Perdues, elles se croiraient plus grandes.

The incidents by which the wretchedness of her position is illustrated, and which more than once drive her to the brink of confession, are few but well-chosen. The insolent familiarity and vulgar assumption of her lover, whose coarseness blinds him to her character almost as effectually as her elevation of sentiment blinded her to his, inflict the bitterest part of her humiliation. On one occasion he steals up to her, as she is leaning over a fountain in the garden, lost in painful meditation upon the unhappiness of her lot, and, as he honestly believes that she is coquettishly posturing in the moonlight to attract his admiration, he thinks the shortest way of showing her that she has obtained it is to imprint upon her shoulder a kiss. The agony of passionate shame with which the insult fills her, and her helpless sense of the indelible stigma with which the contact of such lips has branded her, are most powerfully drawn. There is another very fine passage describing the remorse, not unmixed with superstitious dread, which seizes her when she overhears her husband praying that his daughter may repeat her mother's career.

In fact, this conception of the moral retribution which over-

that his daughter may repeat her mother's career.

In fact, this conception of the moral retribution which overtakes Madame de Merris is so artistically and fully worked out by M. Achard, that we much regret that he should have attempted to heighten the effect by superadding material trials. They are all the more unwelcome for being purchased at considerable cost of probability. On the death of M. de Merris, who to the last believes in his wife's spotless purity, an old lover of her schoolgirl days suddenly comes over from the other end of the world to renew his suit. He is possessed of every quality that can secure her happiness and command her love, and she is just beginning to feel that a new existence of untold bliss is opening before her, when he suddenly finds it necessary to shoot M. de Brévans for making, in an unguarded moment, light mention just beginning to feel that a new existence of untold bliss is opening before her, when he suddenly finds it necessary to shot M. de Brévans for making, in an unguarded moment, light mention of her name. Madame de Merris feels that, as it is her guilty connection with him that has slain M. de Brévans, she cannot marry the man whose hands are stained with his blood, and who has therefore nothing to do but to go back to the other end of the world and die, though whether of sun-stroke, cholera, or a broken heart does not appear. Upon hearing of his death Madame de Merris cannot very well help dying too, so that this afterthought, if we may so term it, of the author's is indictable for three deliberate murders. Considering that there are only five characters in the book, and that one of these had already been slain, this rate of mortality would be enough to stagger an Indian Sanitary Commission. Even the fifth character probably owes her life to the fact that she is wanted to play, as it were, sexton to the rest, and that, moreover, there is nobody left to bury her. M. Achard must keep watch over this homicidal mania, or, if he write a novel with the ordinary number of characters, he will find himself enacting a regular battue. Still it is only fair to admit that, despite this taste for slaughter, he puts his victims out of pain as speedily as possible, and is never guilty of that unpardonable offence against good taste and humanity, the trick of slowly killing a hero or heroine by inches, in order to show how much pathos and fine writing the author can get out of a death-bed. 6.

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THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

We are informed, in the preface to this work, that the author of each essay is responsible only for his own contribution; let it is added that their mutual independence will "bring into high relief the evidence of essential harmony amongst the consigned relief the evidence of essential harmony amongst the consigned and undesigned coincidence, follows not unnaturally from the fact that the book is the manifesto of a party, and of a party with very well defined and peculiar views. It is the Essays and with very well defined and peculiar views. It is the Essays and with very well defined and peculiar views. It is the Essays and pressons, liable to peculiar difficulties. He must place himself in reasons, liable to peculiar difficulties. He must place himself in imagination at a completely external point of view, if he would objustice to the mere literary merits of the writers; for he should appland or condemn the blows struck according to the skill and vigour of the combatant, and not according to his sympathies with the cause attacked or defended. Sometimes, indeed, the case is clear enough. The staunchest Protestant could not help admiring Dr. Newman's admirable controversial skill so exhibited against Mr. Kingsley, though perhaps he might think that that very skill brought out the weak points of Dr. Newman's cause. And, for a different reason, we think that that very skill brought out the weak points of Dr. Newman's cause. And, for a different reason, we think that there can be little doubt in the mind of any impartial reader as to the merits of the Church and the World. Some of the eighteen papers which it contains show a great deal of research; and all of them, with scarcely an exception, show a generous and gentlemanlike spirit which is refreshing in theological essays. Some, too, directed to practical matters, are not wanting in humour and common sense; but it is equally undeniable that, considered as pieces of controversial reasoning, they exhibit quite an abnormal feebleness, and

to a plausible young gentleman newly placed in the pulpit, and complacently demolishing Strauss or Voltaire. These inexperienced champions of the truth do it more harm than open assailants. If they would only act as Devil's Advocates we should feel much clearer of the weakness of his cause. The essayists who in this volume undertake the demolition of infidelity remind us too strongly of these damaging supporters. Mr. Gregory Smith attacks Comte; Mr. MacColl writes upon Science and Prayer, and an anonymous author upon "Revelation and Science, two interpreters of the Will of God." We are rather oddly told, in the preface, that this last essay is anonymous because it was thought better that "the position assumed should be lost and won in virtue of the inherent strength or weakness of the argument employed, independently of any influence arising from the author's name." As this course was not thought better in the other cases, we must presume that Mr. Gregory Smith's authority was intended to crush Comte, and Mr. MacColl's to overwhelm Professor Tyndall.

Of the general line of argument taken up in these essays, we shall say nothing, except that the case has been put much more foncibly by men who really understood the reasoning on either side. Every one, for example, knows the main difficulties which have been raised against the reasonableness of prayer and their solution. Mr. MacColl attempts to repeat that solution, but he entirely mistakes his own case when he introduces such arguments as these. "The worm," he says, "that crawls along the ground acts miraculously towards the laws of gravitation; that is to say, it introduces the action of a higher law counteracting that of the lower." This sentence merely shows that Mr. MacColl is totally ignorant of the meaning of the term "law" as used by scientific men in general, and of the "law" of gravitation in particular. The "law" of gravitation all caterpillars should be always falling to the centre of the earth. Mr. MacColl is here labouring very hard to establish a p

senting geological doctrines, not of course intentionally, but from an ignorance perfectly pardonable in clergymen, except in clergymen arguing about geology. It is rather rash, for example, even in a man of Mr. MacColl's reputation, to confute Mr. Darwin's theory in seventeen lines, and that by alleging certain obvious arguments to which Mr. Darwin has given by anticipation an elaborate answer. But it is still more inexcusable in the anonymous author of "Revelation and Science" to pass over Mr. Darwin altogether in such a sweeping assertion as this:—"Geology at least affirms positively that this miracle, this act of creation, has been repeated continually since the beginning of the world." It really seems as if this anonymous gentleman had never heard of Mr. Darwin, his studies being apparently bounded by that pleasant and popular writer, Hugh Miller. Or again, it is trash to assert, in the face of Sir Charles Lyell, that "Geology tells us of several large breaks in the uniformity of nature," and to assume that such breaks must be miraculous. And, if Mr. Darwin's theory is really so abominable, it is rather a mistake to venture upon the hypothesis that the flint implements may possibly have been made by "a higher form of ape," for the ape would supply a most convenient missing link. Surely it is much honester to declare, as men of far more ability and equal orthodoxy have done, that theology is not really interested in such questions as these, than to venture upon ignoring and distorting the views of scientific men, or, as we rather believe, upon writing about them without reading their books. We may just notice a singularly unlucky statement in Mr. Gregory Smith's argument about Comte. Comte, says Mr. Smith, "will not take the trouble to deny with Voltaire, nor will he attempt to disprove, the existence of God. He argues only that such a thing is not proved, and therefore non-existent. He insists that a thing must be demonstrated for certain before he can receive it." We may excuse a writer for overlooking th senting geological doctrines, not of course intentionally, but from

of 1549 and 1562," the "Reasonable Limits of Lawful Ritualism," and similar topics, give evidence of far more industrious research; doubtless because the literature to which they refer is of a more congenial order. It is a great drawback to the pleasures of controversy that you cannot argue effectively without studying your opponent's writings. In these expositions, the authorities quoted are such as the essayists delight to study; and the chief objection to their essays, so far as they are controversial, is that the authorities will not bear so much weight with their opponents. Perhaps, too, the opponents will not be favourably impressed by a sample:—

Accordingly they [the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council] said that the word "ornaments" was limited to "those articles" so "prescribed" as they pointed out; they did not, at least in terms, say that every other ornament of this kind was excluded from "use" under the Book of 1549, unless it was named in that Book.

ment of this kind was excluded from "use" under the Book of 1549, unless it was named in that Book.

Without speaking of the value of the argument, this italicized style of discussion carries with it an unpleasant suspicion of over-refinement and wire-drawing, which is perhaps merely superficial. The same will be said by many readers of an argument in which Mr. Shipley endeavours to prove that the prayer for the Church Militant may include a prayer for the holy dead; for, if it does not, "the Liturgy of the Church of England is the only living Liturgy, the only known extant Liturgy, which is wanting in remembrance of its faithful departed. From which dilemma we may devoutly say, Good Lord, deliver us." Evangelical readers, at least, will recognise their old friend, the Jesuit in disguise, in this attempt to introduce one of the doctrines to which they most object, by an ingenious interpretation.

The best articles, although we cannot honestly say that even they are, in a literary point of view, able articles, are those which deal with more practical questions. Professor Rogers discusses University Extension, Mr. Meadows writes upon Hospital and Workhouse Nursing, and Mr. Baring-Gould, in an article upon the Revival of Religious Confraternities, speaks with some force of certain parochial difficulties. There are some views in these essays which will startle the British public, and some which will startle most practical men; as for example, when Mr. Humble, not content with denouncing the proposed change in the law by which it is sought to abolish the penalty of death for infanticide, thinks that we should adopt the system illustrated in Measure for Measure, and says that "A Newgate execution done upon such odious wretches [as seducers] would do more for the cause of morality than twenty executions of wretched servant-girls." And one of the essays would, we should have thought, have startled the party from which it emanates. Mr. Baring-Gould's essay contains an animated panegyric of Methodism; he says that the se

^{*} The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

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to redress the balance by reviving religious confraternities, but for the present it would appear that Methodists might quote his praises with more effect than Churchmen.

The most curious essay in the book is an anonymous one by a lady, called "The Last Thirty Years in the Church of England; an Autobiography." This lady does not think that she is going over to Rome. "My personal tastes," she says, "would certainly lead me to prefer the Roman service to our own; but my duty becomes clearer every year, and my hopes higher for the result of patient continuance in the path appointed me." The logical process by which she has arrived at these conclusions is decidedly feminine, and need not be indicated. Plenty of examples of a similar kind may be studied elsewhere; but there are two points worth noticing in the "autobiography." The first is the extreme importance everywhere attached to confession, and two points worth noticing in the "autobiography." The first is the extreme importance everywhere attached to confession, and the desire of submitting to the spiritual guidance of Ritualist clergymen; and the other is suggested by the following remarks:—
"Almost a necessary consequence," she says, "of my at length deciding that I had no ground for quitting the Anglican communion was a marriage engagement. For a time it seemed as if it would be almost well to resign this, as a test of sincerity." After consulting "one whose advice Catholics in our days have always been accustomed to look to with great reverence," she decided upon carrying out the engagement:—

I know [she says] that the path I chose, which I trusted would have led

I know [she says] that the path I chose, which I trusted would have led me to an active life of special devotion to God's work, has carried me into regions of suffering and desolation, perhaps lower, perhaps higher, than those to which I aspired. I was directed to pray for serious illness if what I had done in this matter was not according to the will of God, and I have never been well since; but I would not part with one day's suffering now.

In the preface we are sensibly told that the reason for this essay being anonymous is obvious.

DARESTE'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

THE first volume of M. Dareste's History of France reaches from the earliest times to the end of the eleventh century. The second volume brings us to the end of the fourteenth century. The first volume of M. Dareste's History of France reaches from the earliest times to the end of the eleventh century. The second volume brings us to the end of the fourteenth century. This will suffice to show that the author's general plan, as announced in the preface—to write a history of France "d'étendue moyenne, qui fût complète sans être longue"—has been rigorously observed. On the other hand, a very slight examination of these volumes will amply bear out his statement that no pains have been spared to secure accuracy in matters of fact, as far as it can be secured by always going for information to the fountain-head. It appears to us that the plan of M. Dareste's work, and the manner in which he is carrying it out, entitle him to praise of an exceptional kind. It is not often that a man who has really read history, and knows how to set about writing it, will be found to spend sixteen years, as M. Dareste has done, in compressing laboriously-made selections from his materials into a first-rate manual. We can perfectly understand his saying of his work, "La plus grande difficulté était de choisir les événements, de les grouper dans un ordre naturel, de mettre les plus intéressants en saillie, et enfin de les juger." Complete histories on a moderate scale, not too meagre, and by first-rate hands, are just what are very much wanted at the present day. There are plenty of excellent books on particular periods, delightful to read, and actovering perhaps some half-dozen years in a volume. Again, there are plenty of skeleton histories, more or less unsatisfactory, most of them meagre and arbitrary in their choice of facts, and altogether below criticism in point of style. A phrase from a book of this class—a book used not very long ago in a certain great school—may be instanced as representing a certain order of historical composition. Referring to a communication from the Pope which had met with as little attention as Mr. Whalley could have desired, "the bull," said this work, "slept for two years in the Forei only by first-rate hands.

The first volume opens with a chapter on the earliest known races of ancient Gaul—the Iberi, probably Semitic, in the south and west, and the Galli, Indo-Germanic, and speaking a Sanskrit language, in the north. The chapter concludes with some remarks

worth extracting :-

La Gaule a été de tout temps le point de l'Europe où les influences du nord et du midi se sont le mieux rencontrées pour se combattre ou pour se confondre; et c'est, peut-être, vanité nationale à part, une des raisons qui font de notre histoire une des plus intéressantes pour le monde entier. Dans l'antiquité, ces influences étaient de nature bien différentes. C'était au nord la barbarie pure et simple. Au midi c'étaient le commerce, l'agriculture, la civilisation enfin, sous toutes ses formes matérielles et intellectuelles, et avec l'aurore de toutes ses grandeurs. De là, entre les différentes parties du pays que l'uniformité de nos institutions modernes nous a habitués à considérer en bloc et sous un même aspect, de fortes disparates et des contrastes puissants.

In speaking of the Druidical religion, M. Dareste enters a sensible protest against "Pillusion des historiens et des savants" who have supposed that the esoteric doctrine of the Druids involved a profound lore which perished with them. A parallel case is the theory of Creuzer and other German scholars, that the mysteries of Eleusis and Samothrace were the depositaries of a Chaldean theology. It is always well to protest against the waste of time and ingenuity on hypotheses so gratuitous and so useless. Following M. Dareste in his sketch of Gaul under the Romans, we come to a chapter, entitled "Théodose et la ruine du paganisme." It has become a commonplace with writers about history to say that Thaodosius extirpated Paganism; but any one who will take the trouble to read Dean Milman's notes to Gibbon—who, with Tillsmont, is chiefly responsible for the statement—will find that it is correct only in a limited sense. Theodosius did indeed suppress the Pagan ritual; but the Pagan faith, as the religion of individual minds, continued to be vital—to be "realized," as Mr. Lecky would say—well into the fifth century.

Having disposed of the Merovingian dynasty in one hundred and fifty pages, M. Dareste arrives at what he considers may be termed the end of barbarism. "If barbarism consists in the absence of views, of principles, of volition in the sovereign, then barbarism may be said to have ended with Charlemagne." We are not prepared to say that we exactly accept M. Dareste's definition of a barbarous state; but it is interesting to hear what he has to say for the personage under whom civilization had its birth as the twin-sister of Imperialism:—

Charlemagne est un des hommes les plus complets qui aient existé. Il a réuni tous les genres de grandeur. Il a été grand par les armes are le art

as the twin-sister of Imperialism:—

Charlemagne est un des hommes les plus complets qui aient existé. Il a réuni tous les genres de grandeur. Il a été grand par les armes, par la politique, par les lois. Peut-être est-il difficile de se faire aujourd'hui une juste idée de son génie militaire, car nous ignorons presque tous les détails de se campagnes; mais nous savons qu'il dut ses succes et ses conquêtes moins encore à la force numérique de ses armées qu'à leur bonne organisation, et à l'habilet et la rapidité avec lesquelles il les faisait mouvoir d'une extrémité à l'autre de son empire. Son génie de gouvernement est plus facile à apprécier; les Capitulaires sont restés et nous le font admirablement connaître. D'ailleurs les l'rancs avaient eu déjà des princes guerriers, comme Clovie Charles Martel. Ils n'avaient pas en encore de véritables hommes de gouvernement, dans le sens étendu que nous donnons aujourd'hui à ce mot.

Charles Martel. Ils n'avaient pas eu encore de véritables hommes de geuvernement, dans le sens étendu que nous donnons aujourd'hui à ce mot.

M. Dareste gives some interesting pages to the memorable panie of the year 1000. It is a singular fact that, although the belief that time was about to give place to eternity was highly profitable to the Church, that belief was actually treated as a heresy by the Abbé de Fleury and other bishops. Their disapproval, however, did not make much difference. All the world having made up its mind that the 31st of December was to be the dies ira, the season was extremely favourable to repentance and conversions. On all sides acts of violence were repaired, donations poured in upon the Church, and men's thoughts were intent upon making friends in the court which was so soon to sit. The dreaded year passed by, but not so the ecclesiastical influence which it had created. Pilgrimages were more numerous than ever; relies were never so abundant or more scrupulously bestowed in honoured resting-places. But the feeling of the time found its most active and most important expression in ecclesiastical architecture. Before the year 1003, according to the old French chronicler, Ralph Glaber, a vast number of religious houses had been restored, and a vast number of new ones had sprung up. "On efit dit," he says, "que le monde entier, d'un commun accord, secouait les haillons de son antiquité, pour revêtir la robe blanche des églises." These words receive striking illustration from a fact pointed out by M. Dareste—namely, that in Burgundy, Auvergne, and Bourbonnais, regions directly under the influence of the Clunists, a number of the finest churches are of the eleventh century. A great monastery like that of Cluny was always in some sort a school of architecture, stimulating the worls that came within its range of influence, and setting their tone: and such an opportunity as the period in question presented was always in some sort a school of architecture, stimulating the works that came within its range of influence, and setting their tone: and such an opportunity as the period in question presented was sure to be improved. The great churches which M. Dareste ascribes to the impulse with which the eleventh century commenced are the Cathedral of Le Puy, a church at Tournas on the Saône, the Cathedral of St. Front at Perigueux, the Church of St. Étienne at Caen, and the Cathedral of St. Trophimus in Murray's Handbook to France will meet with a curious little bit of evidence in favour of M. Dareste's theory. Over the west door of this church there is a tympanum with a figure of Christ as Judge of the world, and the frieze below represents the Last Judgment. This fits in very well with M. Dareste's view that the cathedral at Arles was among those which were built before people had forgotten how much they were frightened in the year 1000.

Much the most interesting part of the second volume—which begins with the Crusades and ends with the first great victory of the Turks in Europe—is the part which treats of the fourteenth century. The fourteenth century in France is to be remembered for two great struggles—the battle between the Kings and the Popes, and the battle between the Third Estate and the scigneurs. M. Dareste relates the first clearly enough, but he does not seem to

Dareste relates the first clearly enough, but he does not seen us to have quite done justice to the second. He thus skett the position of the Tiers Etat in the middle of the fourtee

century :-

Les villes étaient rentrées peu à peu sous la main de l'administration royale. Leurs bourgeois formaient un tiers ordre, ayant comme le clergé ou la noblesse des priviléges propres et des obligations corrélatives. Ils jouissaient d'une large et féconde initiative pour leurs intérité de commerce et de l'industrie. Ils prétendirent exercer une influence légale sur le gouvernement, et les états généraux leur en offirirent un moyen naturel. La bourgeoisie n'était pas hostile à l'aristocratie seigneuriale, comme plussurs

Histoire de la France. Par M. Dareste. Vels. I. & II. Paris: Henrion. 1865.

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bismies l'ont représentée ; mais elle avait des intérêts différents et des vues Simules, car elle devait sa fortune et sa puissance aux progrès de l'indus-ni et du commerce.

incisions Yout representée; mais elle avait des intérêts différents et des vues trantes, car elle devait sa fortune et sa puissance aux progrès de l'industrante et de commerce.

Ganting that the middle-class were not "hostile" to the feudal sistemety, it is certain that they were vigorously self-asserting. The passage just quoted suggests the idea of a quiet industrial the passage just quoted suggests the idea of a quiet industrial das tranquilly established in a definite position, with a distinct das tranquilly established in a definite position, with a distinct ontented or too busy to clash with the affairs of a different sphere. Now it was precisely the characteristic of the reaction from seudaism all over Europe, and particularly in France, that no section of society minded its own business, but that each and serion of society minded its own business, but that each and serion of society minded its own business, but that each and every class was jostiling and fighting its way into the occurrence of the country in which the universal movement led immediately to results, for it was the only country in which the universal movement led immediately to results, for it was the only country in which the movement had the support of the Crown; but nevertheless the most recent volume of the Histoire Litteraire de la France now in progress under the direction of the French Academy, M. Victor progress under the direction of the French Academy, M. Victor progress under the direction of the French Academy, M. Victor progress under the direction of the French Academy, M. Victor progress under the direction of the French Academy, M. Victor progress under the direction of the French Academy, M. Victor progress under the direction of the French Academy, M. Victor progress under the direction of the French Academy, M. Victor progress under the direction of the French Academy, M. Victor progress in the social history of France. It would of course have been impossible, within M. Darest's limits, to handle the subject with any oth

nomoes on the transaction in these terms:—

L'histoire a protesté avec raison contre les tortures et les bûchers qui pétisèrent la chute du Temple. Quand on songe au vague de certaines accuations, aux exigences impérieuses du roi, à son immixtion dans un proès tout ecclésiastique, à l'espèce de contrainte qu'îl exerça sur Clément V, a est porté, avec les chroniqueurs italiens du temps, placés, il faut le dire, dans de mauvaises conditions d'impartialité, à accuser le Pape d'une codescendance excessive pour la France. Cela pourtant n'ête rien à la force des raisons qui furent alléguées pour la suppression de l'ordre. Quant aux bûchers sur lesquels montèrent plusieurs chevaliers frappés de condammism individuelles, la responsabilité en appartient aux lois du moyen âge, que m'aissient la peine de l'hérésie, et à Philippe le Bel qui les alluma.

We have looked in vain in this second volume for any notices

we have looked in vain in this second volume for any notices of French literature or art in the fourteenth century. It was the see in which the Faculty of Arts began to hold its own against the Faculty of Theology; it was also the age which saw "la missance d'un art profane." If the French paintings of the time were wretched, the art of illuminating was at its very best. We should have thought that M. Dareste might with advantage have epitomized parts of the essay on fourteenth-century art contributed by M. Ernest Renan to the Histoire Littéraire. But he perhaps intends to sketch these subjects comprehensively in an appendix to a later volume. On these two volumes we offer M. Dareste our cordial congratulations. They are the first intalment of a most praiseworthy endeavour to supply a very real want.

THE FAIRE GOSPELLER.*

THE FAIRE GOSPELLER.*

The popularity of books of the stamp of Mary Powell may be taken to mark the very fag end of the great modern listeric movement. Everybody who now talks about history maists that it shall be written in such a manner as to reproduce the past before our eyes in all its reality, and with every accuracy of detail. And this is most excellent and sound doctrine. Only mader its cover a vast quantity of fanciful twaddle is foisted into literature. Every epoch in history is being "restored," in most cases with as much success as attends the old-fashioned churchwarden's restoration of a church. People who know nothing about the matter may very easily believe that, as the historic picture thus reproduced is like nothing that goes on to-day, it must be a failful representation of what went on a hundred or a thousand years ago. They think that, as the actors were an odd kind of

dreas and use a quaint kind of speech and do odd and quaint things, therefore they must be faithful likenesses of them of old time. At all events these fancy renovations of history make it a great deal more amusing than the old Dryasdust style. The fact that Dryasdust makes an urgent demand on your, attention and reflection is very much against him. And, besides, history done in the picturesque style gives the reader a pleasant sense of self-importance, as though he were himself consulting the original authorities. He gets, or at any rate thinks he gets, all the vitality and action of a contemporary chronicle without being bored by the dull bits. This is obviously a great thing. History with all the hard parts left out—the dates and treaties and changes of ministry and debates and diplomacy—is a wonderful improvement. There is nothing left at the bottom of the historic cup but a pleasant little residuum which the most indolent and inattentive person can swallow without an effort. It consists only of light gossip about what our forefathers liked to eat, what sort of clothes they wore, what their parlours were furnished with, and what games they liked to play at. The book is very nearly as entertaining as a real novel, and the young-lady reader can flatter herself all the time that she is improving her mind and learning history.

furnished with, and what games they liked to play at. The book is very nearly as entertaining as a real novel, and the young-lady reader can flatter herself all the time that she is improving her mind and learning history.

The authoress of Mary Powell is among the most popular of all the modern domesticators of historic personages. Always painting on a very small bit of canvass, she is able to be very elaborate in her workmanship. Though she never makes room for many characters, each of them has a good deal of pains taken with him. Quaintish dialogue is a particularly prominent feature. To use as many capital letters as possible, to call everybody Master or Mistress as often as may be, and to introduce an odd bit of Latin now and again, are among the devices for reproducing the England of the time of the Tudors. No picture of this sort would be perfect without an account of a wedding—of the "cakes and ale, carolling and revelling, an or roasted whole, sports on the green, and much gunpowder expended." We are very much inclined to distrust the writer's adherence to fact when she makes two of her characters "discourse of high and holy themes." "High and holy" is a strictly modern notion. A healthy old Briton of the time of Henry VIII. or Elizabeth had no more idea of the "high and holy" of earnest sentimentalists than he had of the electric telegraph. There was no taste in those days for even the most beautiful-sounding cant. However, the writer, if not quite at home in the sentiments, makes up for the defect by her ample familiarity with the outside tricks of the time. At Venice, the old narrator is made to write, "You behold the fairest Shops in the World, tapestried as 'twere with Cloth of Gold and rich Damasks hung from the first-floor Windows, delighting the Eye with every conceivable allurement of Fabric and Colour; there, again, are Perfumery Shops, regaling exquisitely the Smell with odours of Rose, Violet, Pink, and every odoriferous Flower, while the sense of Hearing is captivated by the warbling of nu here. He says :-

Whenne that April with his shoures sote The breath of March hath pierced to the rote.

The breath of March hath pierced to the rote.

Why "breath" of March? What is the root of a breath? And how could sweet showers pierce a breath? Chancer wrote, "the droughte of March." But, of course, too close attention to accuracy of quotation or allusion breeds Dryasdusts. In the vivid picturesque style people have no time to spare for accuracy. The effect is produced by fine dashing strokes and bold drawing. A wrong word or a wrong quotation is a trifle, except in the eyes of a pedant and a prig. The large general effect is the principal thing. We may doubt, however, whether much comes of the large general effect. For instance, the ignorant reader learns that when Master Moldwarp went over-sens with his patron's son he saw a little of Clement Marot, who "hath since turned David's Pseaulmes into verse." Certainly this teaches him that there was such a person as Marot, but that is nearly all. That his hymns played any part in history, or that Marot was in any other way an exceedingly interesting person, the reader would not guess. He learns indeed that Ariosto and Michel Angelo and Marot and Marquerite of Navarre were contemporaries, but this is only make-believe knowledge unless he knows a good deal more about what each of them did. And if he does know this we scarcely fancy that he is likely to be reading he knows a good deal more about what each of them did. And if he does know this we scarcely fancy that he is likely to be reading the history of Anne Askew turned into a novelette for the nine-teenth century. There is a prevalent idea that a fact is a fact, and that every fact is worth knowing. So it is, if we rightly interpret "knowing." But to how many of the Faire Gospeller's readers is Clement Marot anything but a name, or Ariosto anything but a name? To be aware merely that one Marot lived at the same time as one Ariosto is no more knowledge than it is to learn that Abracadabra and Humpty Dumpty were contemporaries.

It may be admitted that the troubles of Master Moldwarp with his gay-minded young charge bring before one, with a very

^{*} Passages in the Life of the Faire Gospeller, Mistress Anne Ashew. by the Author of " Mary Powell." London: Bentley. 1866.

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mild kind of graphic forcibleness, the incidents usual in one of the tours made by young Englishmen in the sixteenth and seven-teenth centuries. Still it is uncommonly mild at best. There is no teenth centuries. Still it is uncommonly mild at best. There is no vigour or movement about narratives written principally, it would seem, for very young ladies. For instance, we are to be informed that assassination was common in Venice in the sixteenth century; so Master Moldwarp, while in that city, "came on a flight of marble stairs which an old and weighty gentleman whose Gondola had just glided away was slowly ascending; when I became aware of two Miscreants lurking behind a Pillar to waylay him. I had scarce pluckt Master Francis by the sleeve and pointed them out when they assailed the old dignitary, who uttered a loud and terrified cry of 'Al soccorso.'" A gondolier afterwards told Master Moldwarp that the dignitary was of one of the noblest houses in Venice; "and he told me also that the waylayers were probably no mere Pilferers, but a couple of Bravoes hired by some enemy to slay the old man out of some Spite and Revenge." This is very nice, only it gives an incautious reader a notion that the probably no mere Pilferers, but a couple of Bravoes hired by some enemy to slay the old man out of some Spite and Revenge." This is very nice, only it gives an incautious reader a notion that the scholars of the sixteenth century always wrote as if they were telling stories to children round the nursery fire. In fact, the writer's love of details of meat and clothing seems part of the same design, that her stories should please children. When Master Moldwarp sets forth on his travels he is very careful to tell us, "My Lady started me with four good Holland shirts, and Sir William had given me a compleat suit of new Black, Cloak and Beever Hat inclusive; the suit having been made up by the village Taylor, who certes allowed for my growth as if I had been an Urchin." And the porter is very careful to tell the stranger what he shall have for his luncheon—to wit, "not a Manchet, but a good Barley Loaf, and three Mutton-bones boiled." This kind of thing delights children. And it would be wrong to say that the Faire Gospeller is unreadable even by grown-up people. As an imitation antique it is more than fairly done, and imitation antiques are amusing in their own way, provided people do not mistake them for the originals. We do not see how such a book at all helps to make the history of the English Reformation, or even of the little episode to which it especially relates, more accurately understood. Though bringing before us certain particulars as to the diet and costume and manner of speech of those days, it does not make the curious complex mobile spirit of the time a bit nearer. And the spirit, after all, is a great deal more important than the diet and the use of capital letters.

THE ENGLISH AND THEIR ORIGIN.

MR. PIKE has written a book of no small ingenuity and research, not so much in support of a paradox as in support of a position which very largely reduces itself to a question of words. The main charge which we have to bring against him is probably the very last which he would expect to have brought words. In main charge winch we have to bring against min a probably the very last which he would expect to have brought against him—namely, want of scientific precision. Mr. Pike evidently aspires to be a philosopher, and he surrounds his subject with all sorts of scientific inquiries, physical and metaphysical, among some of which we must confess that we have got utterly lost. But he lacks scientific ideas and scientific modes of expression on his own immediate subject. He is to a great extent the victim of a confused and inaccurate nomenclature. The result is that he is constantly fighting against shadows, and that he nowhere clearly defines either his own position or the position against which he contends. We believe we know what he really means, and, though we do not think his proposition a tenable one, it is by no means so absurd and self-contradictory as his confused way of speaking often makes it seem. It is a position which has something to be said for it, and which has been before now maintained by eminent scholars. As Mr. Pike puts it, it sounds very like gibberish, but many of his arguments, though we think them quite inconclusive, are very far from being gibberish, and his proposition is capable of being expressed in terms which at once make it a subject of reasonable discussion.

Mr. Pike, like Mr. Lysons of Gloucester, is an adherent of the

it a subject of reasonable discussion.

Mr. Pike, like Mr. Lysons of Gloucester, is an adherent of the cause of "our British ancestors." But there is a marked difference between the two champions. Mr. Lysons quietly thrusts the Angles and Saxons aside, as if so small a matter as the English Conquest was not worthy of any attention at all. Mr. Pike thinks the Angles and Saxons at all events worth arguing against. With Mr. Lysons, again, an Englishman is a Welshman, and a Welshman is a Jew. With Mr. Pike an Englishman is a Welshman, but the Welshman is a to a Lew but if anything rather a Greek. In the Welshman is not a Jew, but, if anything, rather a Greek. In short, Mr. Pike has some idea of the affinities of nations and lanshort, Mr. Pike has some idea of the affinities of nations and languages, while Mr. Lysons has absolutely none. Mr. Pike, again, at least tries to take a scientific view of things, while with Mr. Lysons his ethnological creed is as much a matter of religious duty as his theological creed. In a word, though we think Mr. Pike utterly wrong, we can argue against him with a good hope of his following our meaning, while to expect Mr. Lysons to follow an argument is a thing which would never enter our

Mr. Pike's main proposition, as he many times puts it, is that the modern English are not wholly or chiefly Teutonic, that they are not wholly or chiefly "descended from the Anglo-Saxons." Now this last proposition, so put, is absolute nonsense. There is only one sense in which it could have a meaning, and that sense is expressly disclaimed by Mr. Pike. If a man maintained that the

moderns were not mainly descended from the English of the eleventh century, but that the Normans of William, the Angevina of Henry the Second, the Politevins and Savoyards of Henry the formed the main stock of the modern English nation, we could quite understand his saying that the English are not "descended from the Anglo-Saxons." Perhaps it would be hard to express such a position otherwise. But this is not Mr. Pike's position. He expressly disclaims anything of the sort. He looks on the Norman Conquest, and everything since the Norman Conquest, as being of very little ethnological importance. He admits, just as much as we do, that the English of the nineteenth century as mainly descended from the English or "Anglo-Saxons" of the eleventh century. His real question is concerned, not with anything at these comparatively late dates, but with the nature of the English Conquest itself. The position which Mr. Pike means to maintain is this. "The English Conquest of Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries was not a conquest which arried with it the extermination or expulsion of the conquered. On the other hand, the conquerors and the conquered intermingled, and that so great a degree that, in their modern descendants, the blood of the conquered is the prevailing blood. The modern English therefore are not a pure Teutonic race, but a mixed race in which Celtic and Teutonic elements are intermingled, the Celtic predominating." Now, be this proposition true or false, it is plain that it affects, not the modern English only, but all the people who have called themselves English, at least from the sixth century onwards. As far as we can go back, our nation has always borne the English name. According to Mr. Pike's view, that name implies, not the actual predominance of English or any Teutonic blood, but simply its political superiority. But if this be so, it was as true in the days of Actual the modern English are not descended from "the Anglo-Saxon" is to give quite a false view of Mr. Pike's showing, the descendants

conquering race ever was, or ever can be, perfectly pure. The conquerors will always take to themselves some of the women of the conquered, and a certain element of the half-blood will be the result. Again, an invading tribe is always sure to be joined by some elements foreign to itself, whether subjects, allies, or mere adventurers and volunteers. When the Israelites went up from Egypt to Canaan, a mixed multitude went with them, and that mixed multitude is typical of all migrations. Of the conquerors of Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries, some were no doubt neither Angles, Saxons, nor Jutes. Of those who were Angles, Saxons, or Jutes, some no doubt took British wives or concubines, and left descendants of the half-blood. Again, though we believe extermination or expulsion of the male inhabitants to have been the rule, no doubt some were retained as slaves, and here and there some may have made terms with their conquerors. Again, nobody doubts that in a considerable part of England—all that part which was conquered after the conversion of the English to Christianity—extermination was not the rule, but the natives were simply brought under the authority of English kings. Comwall, Devon, half Somerset, all that was once Strathelyde, are not purely Teutonic districts, but Celtic districts Teutonized. From all these sources it is clear that there was a certain British element in the English people from the beginning. The very small, but still quite real, Celtic element in our language of itself proves the fact. Mr. Pike's question then becomes a question of degree. Was this British element, which undoubtedly existed, so strong that the Englishman of the nineteenth or of the eleventh century (for no difference can be made between them) is rightly to be looked on as Celtic rather than Teutonic?

Now we must not forget that the historian and the physiologist look on a question of this sort with somewhat different looks of the provent with somewhat different looks of the provent with the provent half the lates o

Now we must not forget that the historian and the physiologist look on a question of this sort with somewhat different
eyes. To the historian strict physical purity of race is of little
consequence. He knows that, in perfect strictness of speech, it
never exists. He is therefore careless about a little less or more
either way. He looks on race as one element in the formation of
a nation—an element more important than any other one element never exists. He is therefore carciess about a little less of machinement in the formation of a nation—an element more important than any other one element, but still only one element out of several. He holds that between Celts and Teutons, for instance, there will always be some difference, but that all kinds of physical and moral influences have such an effect in producing likeness and unlikeness that the difference between one Teuton and another may, in the course of ages, have become greater than the difference between some Celts and some Teutons. When he sees the great marks of national likeness and diversity—language above all—he is comparatively careless about physical strictness of pedigree. He applies to nations a rule something like the Roman Law of Adoption; the younger Africanus was naturally an Æmilius, but, for all historical purposes, he ranks as the second Scipio. So we look at the plain facts of the English Conquest. In every other Teutonic settlement in lands which were or had been Roman, the Teutonic gradually adopted the language and religion of the conquered. In Britain they kept their own language and their own religion, The conquest of Britain must therefore have been of a different

The English and their Origin. A Prologue to Authentic English History. By L. O. Pike, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

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lind from the other conquests. Either the Teutons, by virtue of sperior civilization, imposed their own language on the conquered, as the Romans had done before them, or the conquered quered, as the Romans had done before them, or the conquered pured, as the Romans had done before them, or the conquered them the tendency of the conquerors. The sum that are as we can go back, the Englishman has been an English. As far as we can go back, the Englishman has been an English as far as we can go back, the Englishman has been an English of the Welshman speaking Welsh. Within the English border, whatever Welsh elements were not exterminated were ish border, whatever Welsh elements were not exterminated were on assimilated that history can make no line of distinction. And this assimilation is possible only when the element which is not exterminated is of very small amount. A small body of concepture cannot change the language of a nation, except under such genuinar circumstances as the Romans enjoyed. Next to the Romans, the Normans in England had the best chance. Their influence on language and on everything else has been very great, but it has simply been that of an infusion into something already existing—nothing more.

We think that these ulain facts of history prove a great deal.

sculiar circumstances has England had the best chance. Their fommas, the Normans in England had the best chance. Their fommas, the Normans in England had the best chance. Their fommore on language and on everything else has been very great, but it has simply been that of an infusion into something already existing—nothing more.

We think that these plain facts of history prove a great deal more than minute physiological inquiries into the colour of hair and more than minute physiological inquiries into the colour of hair and more than minute physiological inquiries into the colour of hair and more than minute physiological inquiries into the colour of hair and more than minute physiological inquiries into the colour of hair and more than minute physiological inquiries into the colour of hair and more minute than a modern Englishman and a modern German. What then? It is the natural result of the facts of history. The mere alike than a modern Englishman and a modern German. What then? It is the intuition of the continent. Forms of government do assimilate the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make them differ from the various races within that island and to make the differ from the various races with differ from the first provided that the makes them differ from the various races with differ from the first provided that the various races with differ from the v

for between Englishmen and their kinsmen on the Continent after a separation of fourteen hundred years.

Questions as to tastes, habits, amusements, &c., prove still less. Nothing is so fluctuating as things of this kind. Mr. Pike himself quotes descriptions of English tastes and manners two or three centuries back as different as possible from English tastes and manners now. It is in vain, then, to seek for causes fourteen hundred years old to account for them. Mr. Pike wishes to prove that our "horsey" tastes come from the Welsh, because King Ine talks about a "horse-wealh." He forgets that both horse-racing and huning in their present forms are comparatively modern amusements; that, famous as English horses now are, their fame is comparatively recent; that the Old-English were eminently a foot-going people; that their troops fought on foot; that the very King or Enddorman who rode to the field alighted when the actual fighting began. If any one chooses to say that the love of the horse came in with the Normans, he has something to say for himself, but there is absolutely nothing to be said in favour of a transmission of such tastes from the ancient Britons.

And one word as to King Ine. Mr. Pike quotes the West-Saton laws which make such frequent mention of Welshmen, as proofs that there is a large Welsh element in the English people in general. Of course they prove the exact contrary. They prove a great deal as to Devon and Somerset, but nothing as the rest of England. The mention of Welshmen as a distinct class surely proves, not that Englishmen are Welshmen as a distinct class surely proves, not that Englishmen are Welshmen as a distinct the proves is that the Christian conquerors, Cenwalh and Ine,

did not exterminate, but received the conquered as their subjects under the pale of the Law. That is, it proves that England from the Axe southwestward is a Celtic country Teutonized. But so far as it proves anything about the rest of England, it proves the exact contrary.

We should have been well pleased to examine one or two special crotchets of Mr. Pike's, but we have probably done better in setting forth the case in a general form. The book is a clever one, and it may serve as an useful praxis for any one who wishes to practise himself in answering ingenious fallacies. We have only to add that Mr. Pike, like many other people, entirely passes by Dr. Guest, which is a great pity, as Dr. Guest has upset Mr. Pike beforehand. But we are sure that Mr. Pike, unlike a more illustrious person, does this in no spirit of unfairness, as he takes just as little notice of Sir Francis Palgrave, the ablest exponent of his own views.

METHODISM AS IT IS.

as little notice of Sir Francis Palgrave, the ablest exponent of his own views.

METHODISM AS IT IS.*

GOME few years ago, an estimable lawyer, who in the midst of matters of all sorts, found himself in some distant Cornish town with an unoccupied evening upon his hands. For want of better nunsement he strolled into the Methodist chapel of the place—Methodism, as everybody knows, flourishing in Cornwall—where he found that what is called, we believe, an "experience meeting" was going on. He sat down quietly in a corner and watched the proceedings. They consisted chiefly of an exposition of the recent "experiences" of some of the members in "wrestling" with sundry spiritual obstacles; and the lawyer in question is understood to have remarked that these "experiences" reminded him of the story of the Irishwoman whose confession to her priest consisted almost entirely of an exposition of the enormities committed by her husband. By and by the visitor's presence was detected by the minister, or "leader," or whoever it was that presided on the occasion, and he was startled by being suddenly saluted as "Brother," with a request that he would favour the consisted almost entirely of an exposition of the first time in his life, put to the blush, and, muttering some indistinct apology, he hastily left the building, marvelling much at the wondrous ramifications of that English life in which religion could still assume such very odd and unaccountable manifestations.

Dr. Rigg's volume of Essays for the Times contains a paper "On the Vocation and Training of the Clergy," which fully accounts for the existence of such assemblages as that into which our lawyer so unwittingly intruded himself. Its author is a Methodist minister, who writes in Wesleyan periodicals, and who has written a book called Modern Anglican Theology. The volume before us in reprint of several of his periodical papers, with the addition of a lecture delivered at Exeter Hall. It is a big book, and as, like many other people, we are getting somewhat tired of

without its pale.

Such being the case, we cannot think that Dr. Rigg's lamentations over the preponderance of illiterates are altogether consistent

^{*} Essays for the Times. By J. H. Rigg, D.D. London : Stock.

August

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with his views on unction and the communion of Saints. If he and his friends were to succeed in imparting a more cultivated and gentlemanlike character to the Wesleyan preachers, it is questionable whether they would develop an increased fendness for love-feasts and kisses of peace. Spiritual unction is so apt to degenerate into something very like unspiritual oilliness that we cannot conceive its being practically palatable to men whose sensitiveness has been stimulated by that thorough and early education which Dr. Rigg recommends. At the same time it is a striking sign of the wide and deep revolution that is changing the current of modern religious thought, to find a leading Methodist minister upholding the abominable doctrines of Oxford and Cambridge, and maintaining that no subsequent studies can make up for the want of early training—a training described by another Dissenting luminary as commencing ab ovo; Dr. Rigg himself not perceiving the absurdity of the application of the maimed quotation, or the ludicrous double entendre which it involves. He takes care, however, that there shall be no mistake about his own opinions. The Methodism of to-day has outgrown the inspired-cobbler period, and though its congregations are by no means able to understand the religious agitations that disturb the atmosphere, they are quite capable of being moved by them, and therefore demand something better than inspired-cobblerism for their quieting. The average Methodist preacher, however, is simply snubbed by the comfortable shop-keeping world which condescends to accept his ministrations. He comes from the lowest classes of the chapel frequenters, and is paid in proportion to his family connections, much more than upon any theory of the nobleness of his office, or of the gentlemanly character of his profession. Consequently, it has no attraction for any but "the spiritual young men" of the well-to-do tradesman, while, with all Dr. Rigg's cautious statements about the said spiritual and comfortable young men, it is plain e with his views on unction and the communion of Saints. If Consequently, it has no attraction for any but "the spiritual young men" of the well-to-do tradesman, while, with all Dr. Rigg's cautious statements about the said spiritual and comfortable young men, it is plain enough that, spiritual or non-spiritual, they enter the ministry in imperceptibly small numbers. Dr. Rigg, indeed, is of opinion that a comfortably circumstanced Methodist preacher, if only he is "truly called and gifted," not only passes a particularly delightful existence in this world, far better and holier than is attainable in any secular calling, but that he will be "far more highly blest in eternity."—a High Church, not to say utterly Popish theory which must be singularly gratifying to the parents of "the better families," who frown down the very notion of their son's deserting the counter for the pulpit. However, such is human nature, notwithstanding all the help that prayer-meetings can supply. And so the actual poor preacher starves upon an income much below that "of the better-class tradesmen" who "sit under him" in one sense, and look down upon him in another. His wife, so far from competing with the silks of the ladies of his congregation, can scarcely furnish herself out in decent gowns of modest stuff or cotton. Although every Methodist is, as we are given to understand, a "decided Christian," nevertheless the preaching of many ministers is "poor, dry, meagre, profitless, uninteresting, and unrefreshing"; and all because they are so poor that they "never buy a book of any value from year's end to year's end." They have to "timerate," too, so incessantly—accompanied, we presume, by their ill-clad, over-worked wives and children—that they cannot help out their little incomes by keeping "a well-stocked garden, cultivated with their own hands," and thus thrive upon their own cabbages and cauliflowers, and the apple-dumplings which Dr. Johnson considered the appropriate and economical diet of a country curate. What, indeed, must be the preaching of a gentleman to whom the produce of a kitche whether only tea-parties, or also dinner-parties, and possibly even croquet-parties, he does not say, but certainly parties of some kind or other. Let the worldly-minded churchman and churchwoman listen to the eloquent doctor's pleadings, and be comforted at his picture of the ways of "the spiritual":—

How much good fellowship [he exclaims] might be promoted among the better classes, how much absurd exclusiveness might be broken down, how much mischievous shyness and jealousy might be cured; what a pattern of rational, Christian, and truly refined entertainment and intercourse might be set before the congregation, if occasionally the pastor could assemble under his own roof those who, by real intelligence and by community of principle and sympathy, are fitted to harmonize with and to improve each other, but whom accident, the want of opportunity, or the prejudices and bondage of mere caste, keep apart.

mere caste, keep apart.

Forbidden to realize the hypothetical sweets of such an ideal, there seems to be but one practical temptation to the average youth who may be half disposed to enter the Methodist ministry. It supplies him with endless opportunities for exercising "the fundamental gifts of a preacher," that is, the power of fluent talk. And, in Dr. Rigg's opinion, the Methodist college authorities are not half particular enough about these "gifts." One trembles, indeed, to think what would be the consequences to the Church of England if ever the dons at Oxford and Cambridge should adopt his ideas, with a view to amend the "dry, unrefreshing, &c." sermons which seem to be as prevalent without as they are within the Establishment. Imagine the

ingenuous youth of Eton and Harrow catechised on matriculation as to their intentions with respect to taking orders, and, on admitting that such was their design, being instantly put through their paces, and called upon to preach to the Vice-Chancellor on the spot. Yet this is what Dr. Higg would have done by his embryo ministers. He would have no student enter a college who had not given proofs of the preaching power, and all through his residence he should be made to keep his "gifts" in full exercise; preaching, it is to be presumed, either to somebody or at somebody, whenever he felt inclined for it. We learn, too, that this process is an infallible, or at least very effectual, means for preventing the divine fire of the spirit, which, ex hypothesi, is burning in the breast of every Methodist student, from being quenched. That such a process should be thought necessary for so happy a consummation does, indeed, strike us as rather odd. With ordinary youths one would suppose that this premature sermonizing would produce only conceit, vulgarity, cant, and hypocrisy; and if ever such a scheme were to find favour in the eyes of Church of England bishops, there would certainly be an end at once, not only of Church-rates, but of congregations altogether. On the whole, it is clear that, whatever be the faults of the Established Church, the faults of Nonconformity are precisely the same in essence, though they take different forms, and on the whole are very considerably intensified. Piety may become oleaginous without gaining in purity; and the counter may be far less cleanly than the cloister, and, nevertheless, every whit as cold.

THE MOON.

THE MOON.*

AMÉDEE GUILLEMIN has made the subject of popular astronomy quite a speciality of his own. His clear and picturesque style, his easy logical arrangement of the subject-matter, and his perfect candour in dealing with what is still hypothetical or obscure as well as with what may be regarded as demonstrable and fixed, make him a safe no less than an agreeable guide in this department of science. We are glad to see him announce for publication a series of popular manuals, promising to work out in detail the wide results which he had mapped out more generally in his instructive and handsome volume on the Hences. In his recent monograph on the Moon he has necessarily gone over much of the same ground that formed the chapter devoted to our satellite in that earlier work. But the arrangement is entirely new, and not only has the author's scope been materially widened, but the discoveries and observations made by astronomers in the interim have enabled him to incorporate many additional facts, as well as to set in a fuller light points which before remained doubtful or obscure. If the labours of our popular interpreters of science must be thought intrinsically of but secondary importance to those of original discoverers and observers of nature, the mass of the public, whom they more directly serve, will be all the more bound to gratitude for those good offices without which the higher paths of knowledge must have remained for ever closed to them.

The introductory part of M. Guillemin's little volume treats of

closed to them. The introductory part of M. Guillemin's little volume treats of the moon as seen by the naked eye. The several phases, the apparent form and dimensions of the lunar disk, the phenomenon of "earth shine," or lumière cendrée, the reflected light of our globe upon the dark surface of its satellite, together with the simple elements of the moon's motion, are compendiously, but with great clearness, explained. There is here of course no great room for novelty. The earliest star-gazers were, in the absence of telescopes, much on a footing with the most recent observers. It is to the vast resources of modern science that we owe that truly great and positive advance which has been made of late in our is to the vast resources of modern science that we owe that truly great and positive advance which has been made of late in our knowledge of the heavenly bodies. No one has done more than Mr. Warren de la Rue to bring the face of our satellite, as it were, home to every household, and to place every person of ordinary intelligence on scarcely less solid a footing, as regards the principal facts of selenology, than the most practised of professional observers. His exquisite photographs of the moon's disk, thirty-eight inches in diameter, place within our reach, at a trifling cost, all but the very image that meets the eye of the possessor of the most costly telescope. The beautiful maps of Beer and Mädler in their remarkable work Der Mond, together with Mr. Nasmyth's admirable hand-drawings of portions of the lunar surface, have also been made available for the illustration of the author's text. A facsimile of a portion of one of these—the environs of Tycho also been made available for the illustration of the author's text. A faceimile of a portion of one of these—the environs of Tychohas been engraved for M. Guillemin's work. Nothing can give a more vivid idea of the rough, calcined, irregular groups into which the crust of the moon is flung, suggestive to every eye of the seething, bubbling state through which its heated chaotic mass must have passed to its present aspect as a burnt-out, dead, and barren metallic cinder.

There is no doubt as much truth as the resources of science are capable of supplying in the conjectural representations have

There is no doubt as much truth as the resources of science are capable of supplying in the conjectural representations here given us of the lunar landscape, its craters, cones, and topographical aspect in general, together with the aspects of our earth as it would be seen by a spectator on the moon's surface. A striking analogy between certain volcanic regions of the earth and similar phenomena on the moon's surface is to be seen in the details of Professor Piazzi Smyth's map of the peak of Tenerifie and its environs, and in M. Maillard's topographical plan in relief of the Isle of Bourbon. The mountainous encented Bohemia, though less regular in form, is adduced by our author as recalling to a fair extent both the structure and the dimensions of

La Lune, Par Amédée Guillemin. Paris : Hachetta. 1866.

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in operate to which is due the present highly volcanic configuration of the entire surface, or how far a certain activity may still linger in the interior depths, science has as yet no means of statisfying us.

Two peculiar phenomena, which form a puzzle to astronomers, are doubtless to be regarded as the result of the tremedous roleanic agencies once at work within the moon. We refer to the luminous bands, or series of divergent rays, which have the craters as their central points; and to the rilles or parallel clefts—rainwers—with which large portions of the inigiacent spaces are thickly studded. More than a hundred of these luminous rays diverge from Tycho. Being only visible at fall moon, these appearances can hardly be elevations, since they would in that case project shadows at other phases of the moon. Their peculiar distribution round the central volcano aggests the notion of their having been caused by its cruptive force. If so, they may be crevices filled subsequently with crystalline and reflecting substances which give back the rays of the surface, sort is may be even "snow in the condition of dirth," which covered the summits of anterior origin, were swept away or scattered around by the gaseous masses which escaped by the new valence tents into the void. The long white bands which natiate from Tycho, in the direction of meridians having that release for their common pole, may, he thinks, be due to succasive bursts of this terrific blast, taking up the light masses wherever deposited, and carrying them on from point to point. Thus the bright band that passes through the group of the three craters, Rabbi, Lindenau, and Zagat, is by no means cotinuous. Crossing Zagut, it takes a fresh direction, and an increase of brightness, as if from its ridges a mass of ashy or pulverulent dust were swept by a fresh outburst of Tycho as far as the flanks of Fracastorius, and even to the northern brink of the Sea of Nectar. We confess, however, that the enormous cultural range of these radiant streaks, and the reg

Birt, in which a rille appears to have been diverted from its course by two craters. And the same rille in a further part of its course is completely broken through by another crater, as though the craters were of more recent origin. From the peculiar distribution of the rilles over the plane surfaces of the moon, as well as from their general contour, the idea is suggested of a succession of wavelike shocks imparted by the fluid masses of the interior to the comparatively cooling surface; blistering, without breaking through, the metallic crust.

Has the moon an atmosphere? This is perhaps the question of deepest interest connected with our satellite, involving as it does the conditions on which, so far as we can conceive, the possibility of life in any sense of the word must inevitably rest. Without the presence of air, and of its correlative, water, our minds can picture nothing but the solitude and the silence of death. That such, in fact, is the present condition of the moon is the all but unanimous verdict of scientific observers. No moveable spots suggestive of of life in any sense of the word must inevitably rest. Without the presence of air, and of its correlative, water, our minds can picture mothing but the solitude and the silence of death. That such, in fact, is the present condition of the moon is the all but unanimous verdict of scientific observers. No moveable spots suggestive of clouds or vapours are discernible on the moon's face, such as the belts of Jupiter or the mobile spots of Mars. No traces of the usual phenomena of atmospheric refraction are seen at the point of occultation of stars by the moon's disk, either on the dark or the luminous limb. The moment of immersion previously determined by calculation is exactly that at which the immersion is observed to take place, or at least agrees with it to a degree of exactitude, allowing for the ordinary limits of error, which would involve a density of atmosphere only one-thousandth part of the density of our own. No such vacuum as this can in fact be produced even by our most powerful air-pumps. There remains the phenomenon of Baily's Beads. But it is generally agreed amongst astronomers that these appearances are to be referred to a totally different kind of solution. Schretter, indeed, was induced to think he had detected a lunar twilight, through observing a faint glimmer at the extreme cusps of the crescent soon after new moon. From this be could infer the existence of an atmosphere to a calculated height of 450 metres above the mean level of the plains. But his observation has not been borne out by later experimentalists. On the contrary, the extreme sharpness of the lunar shadows, and their intense darkness, extending equally from the top to the bottom of the mountains, together with the absence of any gradations or differences of tim, forbid the idea of the interposition of gaseous or atmospheric strata of varying density. The effects thus involved as regards the climate, the light and heat, and general meteorology of the moon are set forth by M. Guillemin with much fulness and precision, as well a

ROMANCES AND DROLLS OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

MR. HUNT has done a considerable service to the history of his county in the collection of popular legends which he has put before us. We say "history," not because giants, gnomes,

Popular Romances of the West of England; or, the Drolls, Traditions, and Superatitions of Old Cornwall. Collected and Edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S., First and Second Series. London: J. C. Hotten. 1865.

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or even saints, are always historic personages, but because the history of Cornwall can hardly be said to exist apart from them. The general notions about tin and the Pheenicians which we learn from our Goldsmith, with some vague traditions about King Arthur, almost make up all that anybody knows about Cornish history down to a very recent period. It has been said with some truth that Wesley and his preachers found Cornwall pretty nearly a terra incognita little more than one hundred years ago, and it still remains so to nine-tenths of Englishmen. Here, accordingly, legends such as Mr. Hunt has collected flourished in luxuriance. They were at once the heroic poetry of the fireside and the festival, the national annals (for Cornwall has hardly yet ceased to regard itself as a separate nation), and the sole popular literature. No doubt there are traces of Roman and Saxon, Danish and Norman, civilizations in their turn, but the Celtic element was too strong to suffer much admixture. "Old Cornwall"—a phrase which, it should be borne in mind, originally included Devonshire west of Haldon Hill—gradually became narrowed within the boundaries of the county that now bears the name, but this was almost all the change. The people remained aboriginal in tastes, manners, and literature; education, even of the most rudimentary sort, made no way at all; the droll-teller was the popular bard, the priest (and afterwards the parson) was the ghost-layer; and though we are not informed of any very recent exorcisms on the part of these latter functionaries, the droll-teller still went his rounds from hall to cottage, finding everywhere bed and board and hearty welcome in return for his minstrelsy, even within living memory.

This accounts for a feature which we take to be peculiar to Cornish legends—we mean the recentness of the dates to which, in many instances, they are assigned. In the literature of other nations, giants, genii, demons, and the like are at all events relegated to the twilight ages, and generally have specific ch

because he appears before us more at length than any other of Mr. Hunt's characters, and partly because, as we have said, he illustrates that uncritical hash of local traditions and diablerie got together from all sources—of hermits and justices of assize, of a saint of the fifth century and a squireen of the seventeenth—which Cornish bards were inartistic enough to concoct, and then contentedly serve up as the biography of a person whose tombstone is still pointed out in St. Breock's churchyard. John Tregeagle, diass John Tergagle, was one of the Tregeagles, owners of Trevorder, near Bodmin, and he lived in the seventeenth century. He was rich, tyrannical, and unscrupulous. Murder and the like feats of hand came natural to him; sister and wife and children were made short work of, one after another, when they happened to stand in the way of the gratification of his passions. At length death drew near, and the evil spirits began to gather round their prey. Then John's treasures were forthcoming with abundant liberality; "the powerful exorcisms of the banded brotherhood of a neighbouring monastery (as our author grandly tells us) drove back the evil ones," and the body of the departed squire was buried in St. Breock's churchyard with all the honours. But the stupendous sinner was not yet out of the reach of Satan. The story was that he had sold himself to his black majesty, and the latter is not easily baulked of his bargains. How he got his chance of outwitting the monks was as follows. Among John's other inquities, he had gradually appropriated, with the halp of a little forgery, destruction of deeds, and the like, certain large estates of an absent lord, whose steward he was. Much he had sold outright, much also he had leased on young lives, and pocketed the fines; in fact, John was almost as expert a practitioner as an average Dean and Chapter. His death of course raised claimants on all sides, and leased on young lives, and pocketed the fines; in fact, John was almost as expert a practitioner as an average Hunt's characters, and partly because, as we have said, he illustrates that uncritical hash of local traditions and diableric got together

give the sinner time enough; besides, the poor man had shown a very laudable sense of duty, and had been of a very beevelosit and saints here for, if they were not, anyhow, what were mosh for a soul when they could get a change a tusse with Saten was hit upon by which a take should be set the departed sinner, which should employ him, if possible, and they are the saint of the state of the possible should be set the departed sinner, etcrity; and by that time, if nothing also should have turned disposed of. One of the lawyers happened to recollect that thrown into it the other day had reappeared in Falmonth day and night at emptying it; there was hope of should have a hole at thrown into it the other day had reappeared in Falmonth day and night at emptying it; there was hope of should as long fatal; and one of the monks judiciously added the condition that bottom—not, as Mr. Leeky would injuriously insinate, by way of design of prolonging the task for certain until the Day of digital should be past, and Satan sholhshed for good and all—or digital should be past, and Satan sholhshed for good and all—or digital past by the way, into the popular mediewal theology, well deprise certain famous passages in Essays and Recience of a god deal of their originality. Satan was "bothered." Time was getting he knew; and meanwhile Dosmery Pool grew no less, at this splendid specimen of successful injucity was practically active digital he knew; and meanwhile Dosmery Pool grew no less, at this splendid specimen of successful injucity was practically active the activity of a supernatural thunder-storm, and field from the terrible pool. The spirits were up and after him in an instant. In vain he doubled back to the lake; they were upon him before he could dip his shell into the water. Thrice round the lake har for the bare life, and at last, in sheer desperation, he jumped straight across it. The evil spirits, as everybody knows, can't endure water, so Tregoggle got a few minutes' satt view the hardon of the deathbod benefactions

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The publication of the Saturday Review takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 563, AUGUST 11, 1866:

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Mr. Mill as a Politician.

The Session. Conscience.
Home for the Holidays. Tennessee,
Reform League. Windsor Castle.
Her Majesty's Theatre.

International Policy,
The Church and the World,
The Pair Gospie. The English and their Origin.
The Moon.
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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE. NOTTINGHAM MEETING, August 22, 1866.

NOTTINGHAM MEETING, August 22, 1866.

President—W. R. GROYE, Eq., M.A., Q.C., F.R.S., &c.,
GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Wedneslay, August 22... President's Address, at 8 p.m., in the Theatre.
Sectional Meetings as usual, from the Strd to the 28th, inclusive.

Thurslay, August 23... Solive in Exhibition Building.
Fishy, August 24... Lecture at 8.0 p.m. in the Theatre, by W. Hoosoma, Esq., F.R.S., Friday, August 24... Lecture by J. D. Hoosam, Esq., M.D., D.C.L., Y.R.S., &c., On Insular Floras.

Tasskay, August 25... Lecture by J. D. Hookam, Esq., M.D., D.C.L., Y.R.S., &c., On Insular Floras.

Solive in the Exhibition Building.
Salurlay, August 25... Excursions to the Midland Railway Works at Derby, Eastwood, Riddings, Cinder Hill, Annealey, and Newstead Abbey.

Thurslay, August 20... Excursions to the Derwent and Wys Valleys, Charnwood Forest, and Belvoir Castle.

On and after July 30, until August 17, Life Members, who intend to be present at the Meet-

On and after July 20, until August 17, Life Members, who intend to be present at the Meether, may receive their Tickets by applying to the General Treasurer, and returning to him himself the Members of the Meether Invitation Circular; Annual Subscribers, who wish to receive their Tickets, must return the Member Invitation Circular; Annual Subscribers, who wish to receive their Tickets, must return the Members of the Association may of the Members of the Members of the Association of the Members of the Members of the Association may of the Members of the Members of the Association may of the Members of the Members of the Association may of the Members of the Members of the Members of the Association may of the Members of the Members of the Association may of the Members of the Members of the Members of the Members of the Association may of the Members of

Without a proper Ticket, obtained as above, no person will be admitted to any of the

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Also, or Papers proposed to be read should be sent to the Assistant General Secretary, instrum. M.A. 3 Park Villas, Oxford, before August 1.

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MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in a Yachting Cruise, by F. C. Burnand, Eq., with THE WEDDING BREAKFAST AT MRS. ROSELEAFS, by Mr. John Parry. Kerry Evening (except Saturday) at Eight, Thursday and Saturday Morning at Three.—ROYAL GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, it Regent Street.—Will Clase on the 78th instant.

TO TOURISTS.—A First-class STEAMER, 600 Tons, will leave England on the 25th inst., with a Select Party, for THREE MONTHS, to Vielt Twenty-six Noted Places in the Mediterranean. Two Months in Fort.—Apply to 1. A. M., Wheatley, Tearre, & Co. 2, 100 Cheapide, E.C.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—The COUNCIL give Notice that the Office of HEAD-MASTER of the School will be Vecant at Christman next, and that they will receive Applications for the Appointment not later than Wednesday, October 17.—For information, apply to

J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

DREGHORN COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

Principal—JOHN DALGLEISH, Esq.

Principal—JOHN DALGLEISH, Esq.

Vice-Principal—W. SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A. (Edin.)

The TENTH SESSION begins on Tuesday, October 3. The Preliminary Examination, for Classification, will take place on Wednesday, the 3rd. Prespectures of the Course of Study, on application.

lication. Dreghorn College, Edinburgh, July 1866.

Breghorn College, Edinburgh, July 1868.

SOMERSETSHIRE COLLEGE, BATH.

Bead-Marker—Rev. HAY 8. ESCOTT, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford.

Scretary—P. C. SHEPPARD, Esq., Bathampton, Bath.

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